

H  
O  
R  
R  
O  
R



NO. 30

APR.-MAY

LN 10

# THE VAULT OF



10¢

# HORROR<sup>®</sup>

FEATURING...



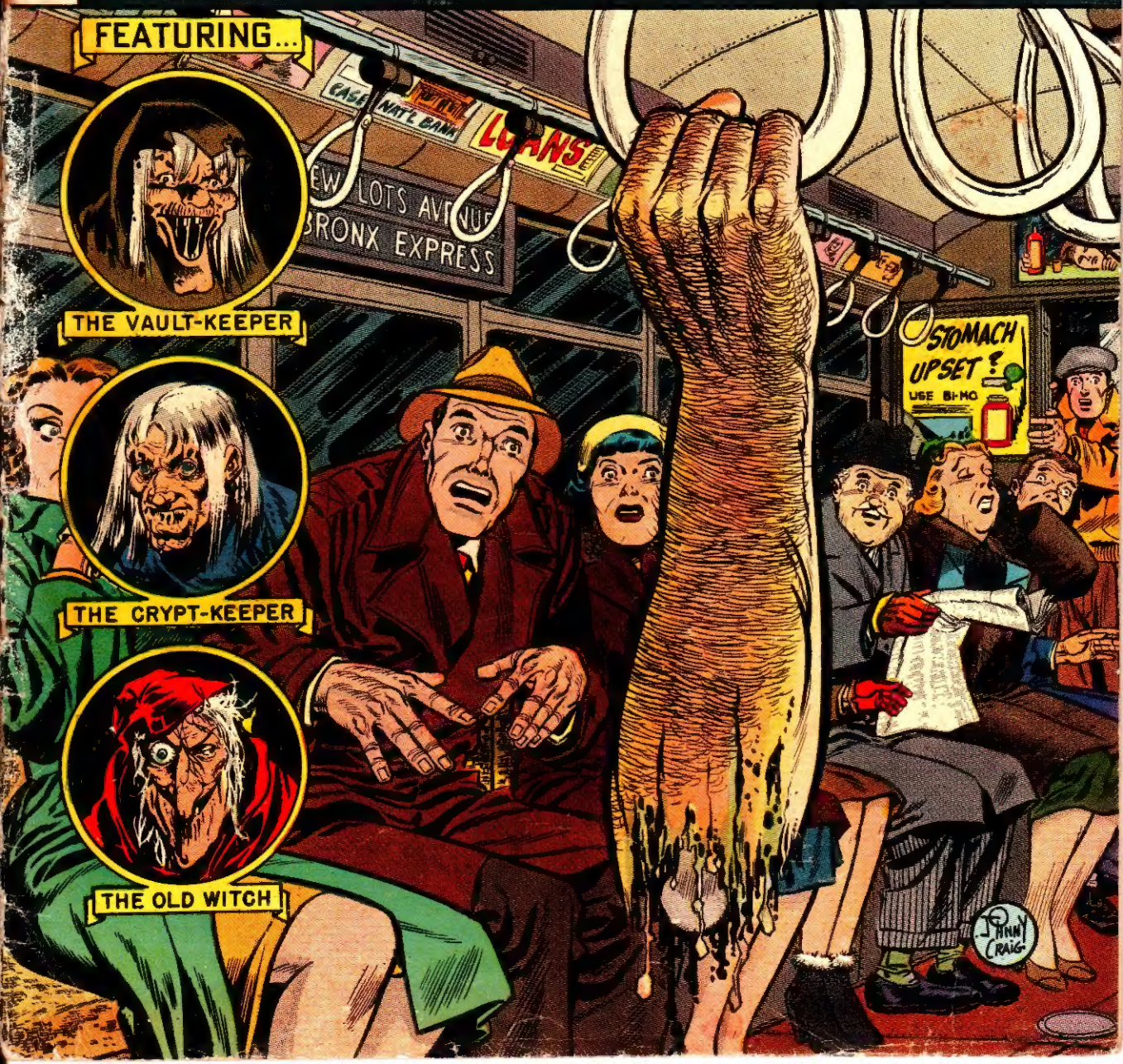
THE VAULT-KEEPER



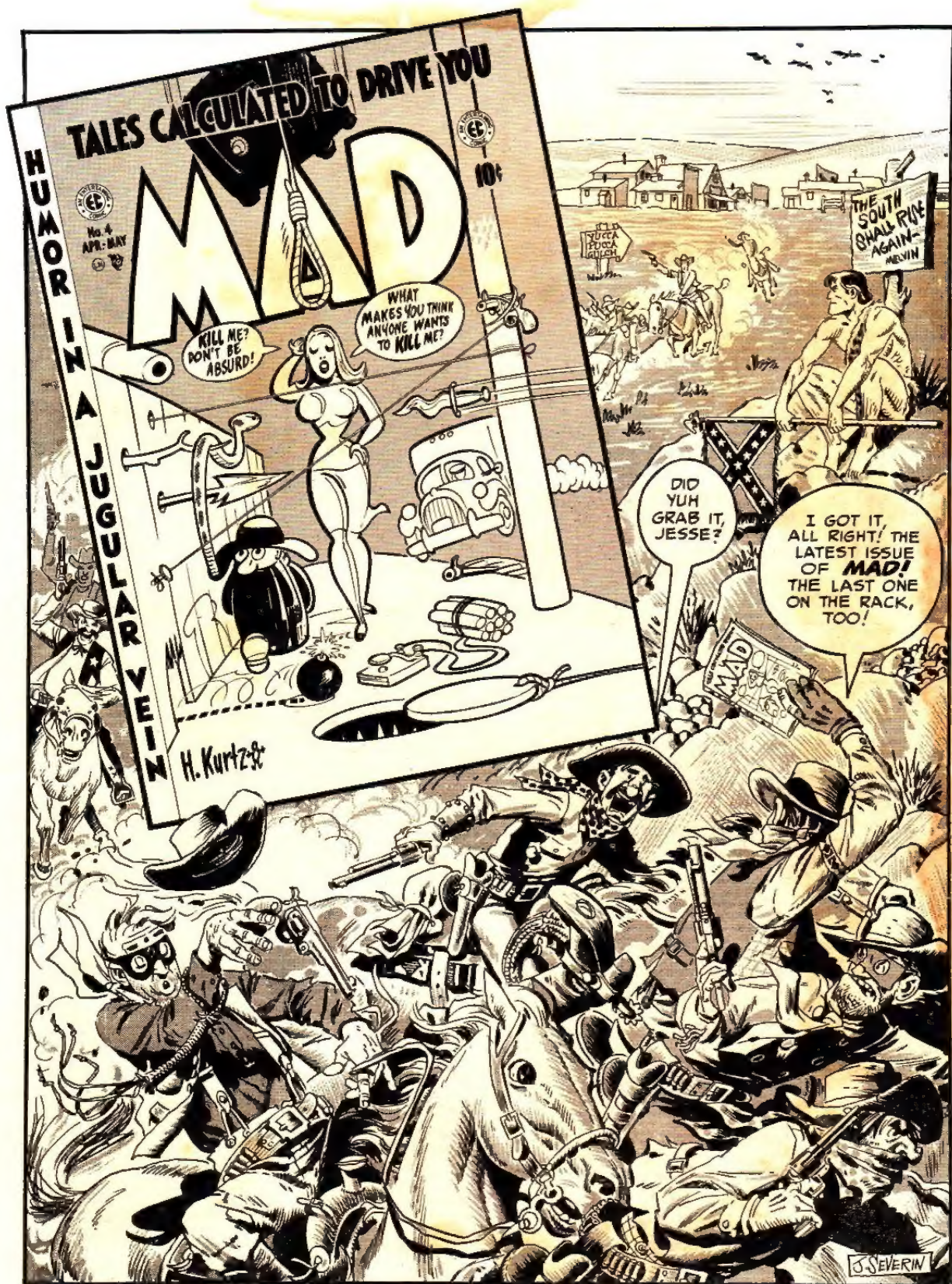
THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH







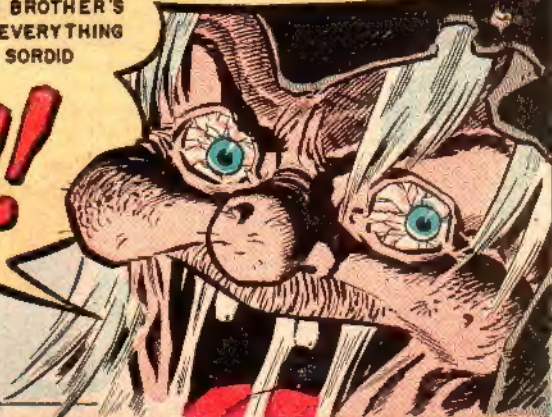
VAULT OF HORROR, April-May, 1953—Volume 1, Number 30. Published Bi-Monthly by L. L. Publishing Co., Inc., at 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. William M. Gaines, Managing Editor, Albert B. Feldstein, Editor. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. One year subscription in the U. S. 60c plus 15c postage—total 75c—elsewhere \$1.00. Entire contents copyrighted 1953 by L. L. Publishing Co., Inc. Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped return envelope. No similarity between any of the characters, names or persons appearing in this magazine with any of those living or dead is intended, and any similarity is purely coincidental. Printed in U. S. A.



# THE VAULT OF HORROR!

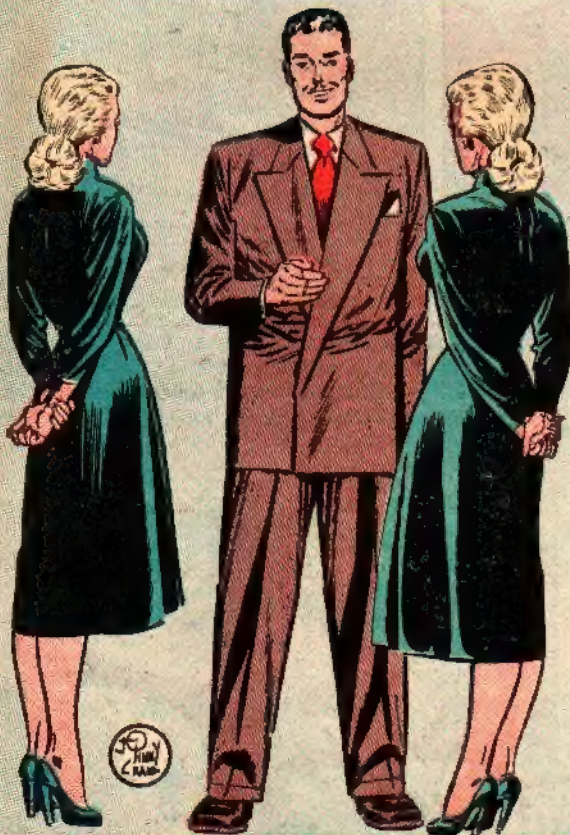
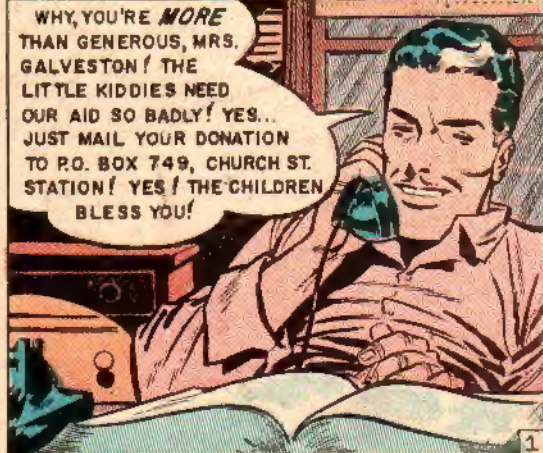
HEH, HEH! HELLO, AGAIN! THIS IS YOUR FRIENDLY STORYTELLER, THE *VAULT-KEEPER*, INVITING YOU TO JOIN ANOTHER SESSION OF *GRUESOME GRUMBLINGS* THAT EMANATE FROM MY *VILE AND VICIOUS VAULT*! SO PLOP YOURSELF DOWN ON THAT SATIN-COVERED COFFIN AND GET COMFY! DON'T MIND THE MOLD AND WORM-HOLES! IT'S *SECOND-HAND*, YOU KNOW! YOU, THERE! PUT DOWN THAT GUN! KILL YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW LATER! AND YOU, WOMAN... *STOP!* YOUR SLEEPING HUSBAND DIDN'T WANT *THAT* CLOSE A SHAVE! AND YOU, YOU FIEND! LET THOSE *MATCHES* ALONE! YOUR LITTLE BROTHER'S *TOES* CAN WAIT! IN OTHER WORDS, DROP (*DEAD, THAT IS!*) EVERYTHING YOU'RE DOING, AND LISTEN... LISTEN WHILE I RECOUNT THE SORDID TALE ENTITLED...

## SPLIT PERSONALITY!



THE CLICKING OF THE TELEPHONE DIAL STUTTERED SIBILANTLY IN THE SPARSELY-FURNISHED ROOM. ED KING GROUND HIS CIGARETTE IN THE ALREADY OVERFLOWING ASH-TRAY AND SOFTLY BLEW SMOKE RINGS UNTIL HIS PARTY ANSWERED. THEN, GLIB, HONEY-COATED WORDS DRIPPED FROM HIS LIPS, EXTOLLING THE VIRTUES OF THE FAKE CHARITY HE SUPPOSEDLY REPRESENTED. HE LISTENED A MOMENT, A SMILE CURLING HIS FACE... AND THEN SPOKE AGAIN. MORE WORDS... HONEY-COATED...

WHY, YOU'RE *MORE* THAN GENEROUS, MRS. GALVESTON! THE LITTLE KIDDIES NEED OUR AID SO BADLY! YES... JUST MAIL YOUR DONATION TO P.O. BOX 749, CHURCH ST. STATION! YES! THE CHILDREN BLESS YOU!





YEP, ED KING WAS A CHARITY RACKETEER...A CON MAN...  
OUT TO MILK THE GULLIBLE! BUT HE DIDN'T RELY ON  
PHONE CALLS ALONE... HE WENT FROM DOOR TO DOOR  
ALSO, ON THE THEORY THAT A BUCK IN THE POCKET IS  
WORTH A DOZEN PROMISES OVER THE PHONE...



AN UNANSWERED DOOR WAS A DONATION LOST, TO ED  
KING'S WAY OF THINKING. DISGRUNTLED, HE TURNED AND  
STARTED DOWN THE STEPS! THE PASSING POSTMAN  
STOPPED, GRINNED...

YOU'VE NO CHANCE OF GETTING INTO *THAT* HOUSE,  
MISTER! THE BLAIR SISTERS *NEVER* OPEN THE DOOR  
TO ANYONE EXCEPT REVEREND MAC ADIE!



OH, NO! JUST *EGGENTRIC*! THEY *NEVER*  
COME *OUT*, AND THEY WON'T LET ANYONE  
*IN*! SUCH A SHAME! TWO YOUNG GIRLS,  
WITH A FEW ZILLION BUCKS...  
AND THEY'RE A COUPLE OF  
*HERMITS*! IT'S A SHAME!



HMPF! JUST MY LUCK!  
TEN FEET AWAY FROM  
A FORTUNE AND I  
CAN'T...



A SHRIEK OF DISMAY! ED LOOKED UP! A  
YOUNG, PRETTY GIRL LEANED FROM THE  
TOP FLOOR WINDOW, ANXIOUSLY TRYING  
TO COAX A TREED CAT TO SAFETY...



WITH A THEATRICAL FLOURISH, ED KING STRIPPED OFF  
HIS JACKET AND DRAMATICALLY FLUNG IT TO THE  
GROUND! HE ROLLED UP HIS SHIRTSLEEVES, REVEAL-  
ING HIS TANNED, MUSCULAR FOREARMS, AND WITH A BOLD,  
DETERMINED EXPRESSION, BRAVELY SHOUTED...

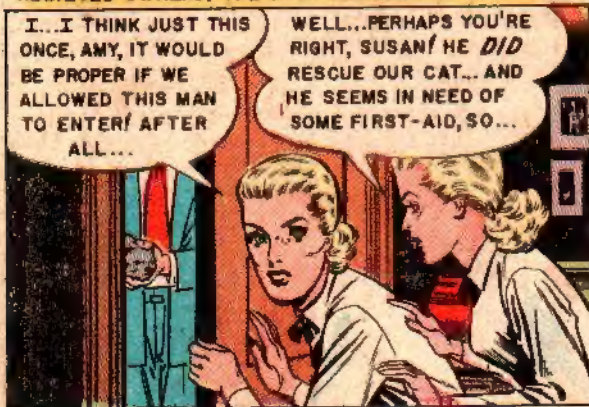


DAUNTLESSLY, HE BEGAN CLIMBING THE TREE. TREES  
NEVER *USED* TO BE SO DIFFICULT TO CLIMB WHEN HE  
WAS A BOY! SEEMS THEY GREW TALLER NOW. HIS  
KNEES WERE SKINNED AND HE WAS CERTAIN BLISTERS  
WERE RAPIDLY GROWING ON HIS HANDS, BUT IF HIS  
PLAN WORKED, ANYTHING WAS WORTH IT...





FOR TWENTY MINUTES, ED STRUGGLED MIGHTILY WITH THE SNARLING, CLAWING CAT, BUT FINALLY, HIS FACE AND HANDS SCRATCHED AND BLEEDING, HE MAJESTICALLY DELIVERED THE VICIOUS LITTLE BEAST TO ITS GREATLY RELIEVED OWNERS! THE GIRLS DEBATED...



I...I THINK JUST THIS ONCE, AMY, IT WOULD BE PROPER IF WE ALLOWED THIS MAN TO ENTER! AFTER ALL...

WELL...PERHAPS YOU'RE RIGHT, SUSAN! HE *DID* RESCUE OUR CAT... AND HE SEEMS IN NEED OF SOME FIRST-AID, SO...

FOR PETE'S SAKE, A GUY COULD BLEED TO DEATH WHILE THEY DELVED INTO THE INTRICACIES OF THEIR MORAL CODE! BUT THEY RELENDED... AND A SHORT TIME LATER, OLD 'HONEY-TONGUE' WAS HAVING *TEA*...



I TRUST YOUR WOUNDS FEEL BETTER NOW, MR. KING!

OH, INDEED YES, MY DEAR MISS BLAIR! YOUR SOOTHING MEDICATIONS HAVE EASED THE PAIN A GREAT DEAL! AND...IF I MAY SAY SO...THE *TEA* IS *DELICIOUS*!

NATURALLY, ED SLILY MOVED THE CONVERSATION AROUND UNTIL...



YES, SUSAN AND I HAVE EQUAL SAY OVER OUR WEALTH! HALF AND HALF!

SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE, YOU KNOW! HA! HA! HA!

HE REMAINED FOR SEVERAL HOURS, EXCITING THEM WITH MYTHICAL TALES OF HIS HEROIC DEEDS, AND COMPLIMENTING THEM ABUNDANTLY!

EDWIN, AMY AND I THINK THAT... WELL, IF YOU SHOULD CARE TO RETURN...

YOU HONOR ME, MY DEAR! I ACCEPT!



HE RETURNED MANY TIMES. AND HE SAT THERE, SIPPING TEA, RELATING STORIES, BESTOWING COMPLIMENTS. THE TWIN SISTERS SAT IN OPEN-MOULTHED WONDER AND ADMIRATION!



OH, AMY! HE'S SO *GALLANT*! SO GENTLEMANLY! AND SO... SO *STRONG*! HE'S SUCH A 'MAN OF THE WORLD'! AND SO *RESPECTABLE*!

SUSAN, TO HEAR YOU TALK, ONE WOULD THINK YOU WERE FALLING IN *LOVE* WITH HIM!



WHY, AMY! I... I... DIDN'T MEAN... THAT IS, PLEASE DON'T...ER...I... I... MEAN...

OH, STOP GETTING FLUSTERED! IT'S ALL RIGHT! I UNDERSTAND HOW YOU FEEL ABOUT HIM! I FEEL THE SAME WAY! HE... HE *IS* WONDERFUL, ISN'T HE!?





MEANWHILE, IN HIS HOTEL ROOM, THE KIND, GENTLE HONEST, STRONG, BRAVE, NOBLE, RESPECTABLE MAN OF THE WORLD PACED THE SMALL FLOOR NERVOUSLY!

EVERYTHING'S GOING ALONG FINE! I'M SURE I CAN MARRY EITHER ONE OF THEM... ALL I HAVE TO DO IS POP THE QUESTION! AND YET... THAT WILL ONLY GIVE ME *HALF* THEIR MONEY! THERE MUST BE *SOME* WAY FOR ME TO GET IT *ALL*!



HANG IT! TOO BAD THERE ISN'T *TWO* OF ME!

**TWO OF ME?!**



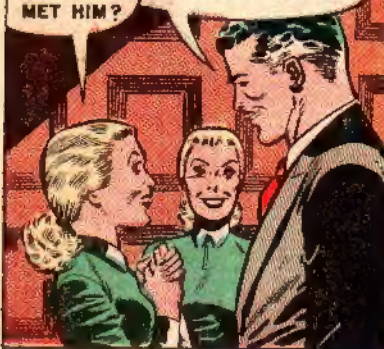
OF COURSE! *TWINS!*



ON HIS NEXT VISIT, EDWIN EXPLODED THE NEWS OF HIS "TWIN BROTHER".

A *TWIN BROTHER*? HOW GRAND! BUT WHY HAVEN'T WE MET HIM?

HE'S BEEN AWAY! BUT HE'S DUE TO RETURN SOON! IT NEVER OCCURRED TO ME TO MENTION IT BEFORE!



YOU SEE, MY TWIN BROTHER AND I OWN SOME VERY IMPORTANT HOLDINGS IN *SOUTH AFRICA*! THE NATURE OF THE WORK DEMANDS THAT *ONE OF US* BE THERE AT *ALL TIMES*! HE STAYS THERE FOR ONE MONTH, AND I REPLACE HIM UNTIL THE FOLLOWING MONTH, AND SO ON...



I MUST LEAVE FOR SOUTH AFRICA TOMORROW! IN A FEW DAYS, MY BROTHER WILL RETURN HERE. IF I'M NOT BEING TOO FORWARD, I'D LIKE VERY MUCH FOR HIM TO MEET YOU LOVELY GIRLS!

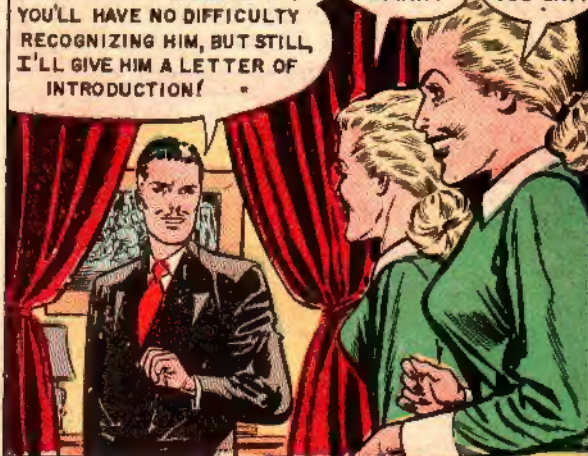


WHY... WHY, THAT WOULD BE *FINE*!

I'VE WRITTEN HIM SO *MUCH* ABOUT YOU TWO! HE FEELS HE KNOWS YOU AS WELL AS I! YOU'LL HAVE NO DIFFICULTY RECOGNIZING HIM, BUT STILL, I'LL GIVE HIM A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION!

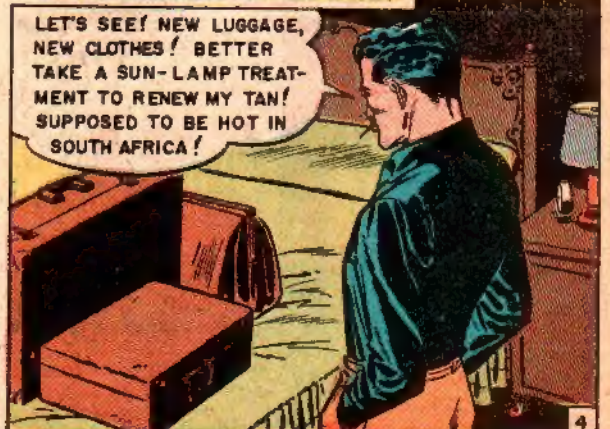
WHATEVER YOU SAY, EDWIN!

YES! WHATEVER YOU SAY!



FOR THE NEXT FEW DAYS, EDWIN REMAINED IN HIS HOTEL ROOM. AMY AND SUSAN THOUGHT HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO SOUTH AFRICA, BUT ACTUALLY HE WAS PREPARING FOR HIS "TWIN BROTHER'S" APPEARANCE!

LET'S SEE! NEW LUGGAGE, NEW CLOTHES! BETTER TAKE A SUN-LAMP TREATMENT TO RENEW MY TAN! SUPPOSED TO BE HOT IN SOUTH AFRICA!





ED LOUNGED ABOUT HIS ROOM FOR A FEW MORE DAYS, AND MADE CERTAIN TIME AND AGAIN THAT ALL WAS IN READINESS! AT LAST, POSING AS HIS NON-EXISTANT BROTHER, HE PRESENTED HIMSELF...

I HOPE I'M NOT OVERSTEPPING MY BOUNDS. I AM ALPHONSO KING. MY BROTHER EDWIN GAVE ME THIS LETTER OF INTRODUCTION...

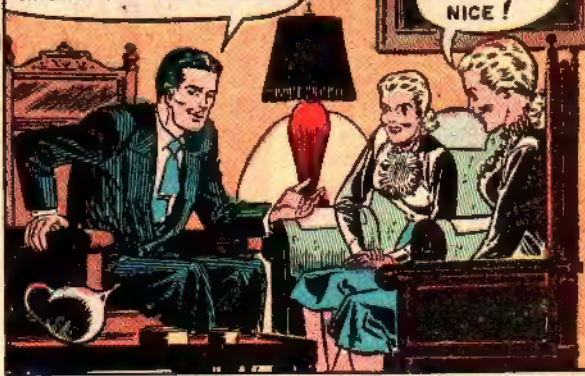
OF COURSE, ALPHONSO! WE RECOGNIZED YOU *IMMEDIATELY!* DO COME IN!



ONCE AGAIN THE TWO NAIVE BLAIR SISTERS SAT IN ADMIRATION AS OLD GLIB-LIPS TURNED ON THE CHARM...

I FEEL I *MUST* SAY THAT YOU ARE BOTH, INDEED, EVERYTHING EDWIN SAID YOU WERE! I FEEL AS IF I'VE KNOWN YOU FOR YEARS!

OH, ALPHONSO! THAT'S *JUST* WHAT EDWIN SAID! HOW NICE!



ISN'T IT GRAND? ALPHONSO AND EDWIN ARE SO *IDENTICAL!*

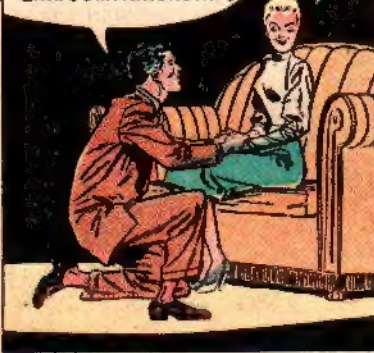
THAT... THAT MAKES... ONE FOR EACH OF US, DOESN'T IT SUSAN?



A MONTH LATER, EDWIN CAME BACK, AND THE TIME WAS RIPE...

AMY... THERE COMES A TIME IN EVERY MAN'S LIFE WHEN HE FEELS THE NEED OF FEMALE... ER... COMPANIONSHIP!

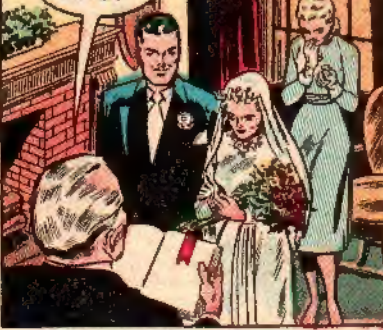
OH, EDWIN!



AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED. THE MINISTER FROM THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER PERFORMED THE SIMPLE, QUIET CEREMONY...

EDWIN AND AMY... I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU MAN AND WIFE!

SOB!?



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, AMY LEARNED THE MEANING OF 'MARITAL BLISS' AND SHE CONFIDED IN SUSAN, WHO WAS BECOMING IMPATIENT...

OH, AMY, DO YOU THINK ALPHONSO... I MEAN... OH, YOU KNOW WHAT I WANT TO SAY!

YES, SUSAN, I KNOW! MY EDWIN SAYS HE'S SURE ALPHONSO WILL ASK FOR YOUR HAND AS SOON AS HE RETURNS!



AGAIN EDWIN LEFT FOR SOUTH AFRICA! HE LOLLED ABOUT HIS HOTEL ROOM, RELAXING AND ENJOYING HIMSELF...

*HA, HA!* WHAT A SET-UP! I CAN PULL THE WOOL OVER THEIR EYES FOREVER!

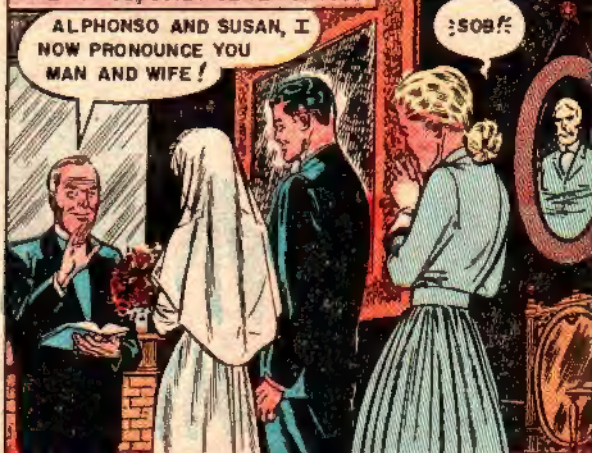




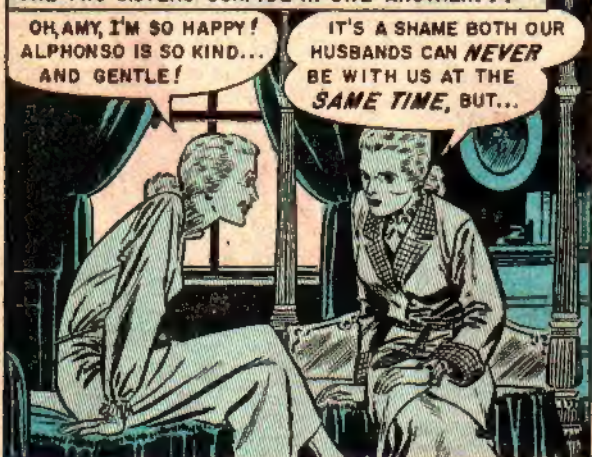
AND ABOUT A WEEK LATER, ALPHONSO RETURNED...



AND SO, THEY WERE MARRIED! THE MINISTER FROM THE LITTLE CHURCH AROUND THE CORNER PERFORMED THE SIMPLE, QUIET CEREMONY...



AND IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, SUSAN LEARNED THE MEANING OF 'MARITAL BLISS'! AND THEN DID THE TWO SISTERS CONFIDE IN ONE ANOTHER...



HEH, HEH, HEH! NOW HASN'T OLD ED KING WORKED INTO A TERRIFIC DEAL? TWO NAMBY-MAMBY INNOCENTS FOR WIVES, A TRAIN LOAD OF MONEY, AND A WEEK'S VACATION FROM THE LITTLE WOMEN EVERY MONTH, NO QUESTIONS ASKED! WOW!



MONTHS PASSED AND THE GRAND HOAX CONTINUED, SUCCESSFULLY! BUT ED WAS LOSING HIS SUN-TAN...



EDWIN STRETCHED OUT ON HIS BATH-ROBE AND PROMPTLY FELL ASLEEP. UNKNOWN TO HIM, A SUDDEN GUST OF WIND LIFTED HIS BATHROBE SASH AND VERY GENTLY, ACCIDENTALLY, DRAPED IT ACROSS HIS BACK...

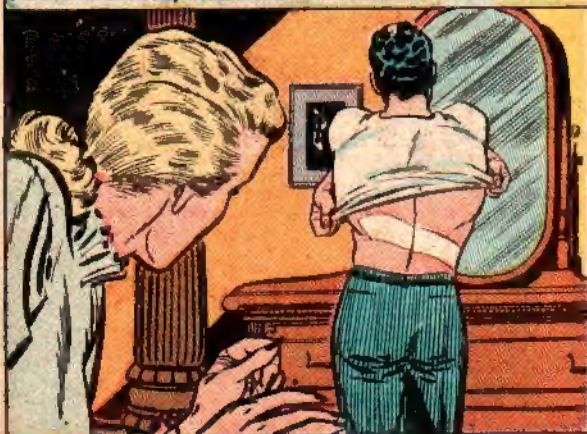


...SO THAT ON AWAKENING, A WIDE STRIP OF WHITE WAS EMBLAZONED THERE. HE NEVER GUESSED...





NOW WHEN ALPHONSO RETURNED ON THE NEXT SHIFT, SUSAN WAS NATURALLY PLEASED! SHE WAS SO HAPPY TO SEE HIM SHE DIDN'T EVEN THINK TO MAKE A REMARK ABOUT THE NICE, WIDE STRIP OF WHITE ACROSS HIS BACK...



BUT THE FOLLOWING DAY, WHEN SHE AND AMY TALKED...

...IT WAS SO HUMOROUS, AMY! THERE WAS HIS BROAD BACK, TAN AND RIPPLING WITH MUSCLES... AND THAT **WHITE STRIP!**

TEE HEE! I KNOW **JUST** WHAT YOU MEAN! EDWIN HAD THE SAME UNTANNED STRIP ACROSS **HIS** BACK! IT **IS** QUITE COMICAL! HA/HA!



AMY! IT...IT **CAN'T** BE TRUE! IT...IT **CAN'T** BE!

BUT...BUT, SUSAN! IF IT IS... I MEAN...THAT WOULD MEAN...



WHAT A HORRID THOUGHT! OH, I'D BE SO **ASHAMED!** AMY, WE **MUST** FIND OUT!

YOU'RE RIGHT, SUSAN! NOW, I **THINK** I KNOW HOW... LISTEN!



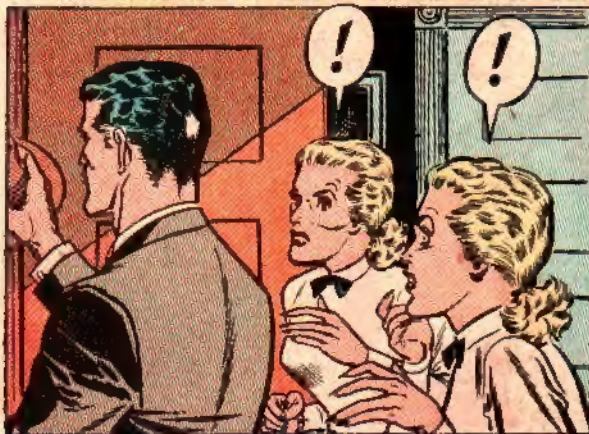
THE NIGHT BEFORE ALPHONSO WAS TO LEAVE FOR SOUTH AFRICA, SUSAN REMAINED AWAKE UNTIL HIS DEEP BREATHING ASSURED HER HE WAS ASLEEP. THEN SILENTLY, SHE REACHED INTO HER NIGHT-TABLE AND BROUGHT FORTH A SMALL BOTTLE OF PEROXIDE! SHE DABBED A FEW DROPS ON THE BACK OF HIS HEAD, CAUSING THE HAIR TO BLEACH...

THERE! NOW WE'LL SEE!





AS USUAL, A WEEK PASSED BEFORE EDWIN CAME HOME! HE ENTERED HAPPILY, AND AS HE TURNED HIS BACK TO HANG UP HIS HAT, AMY AND SUSAN STARED IN HORROR AT A SMALL WHITE PATCH OF HAIR ON THE BACK OF HIS HEAD.



AMY! IT'S TRUE! EDWIN AND ALPHONSO ARE THE SAME MAN! WHAT HAS HE DONE TO US?

MERCIFUL HEAVENS! HE'S NOT A TWIN! WE'RE RUINED! HE'S SOILED US FOR LIFE!



THE SHAME! THE SHAME! IT'S SO... SO HORRIBLE! SOB!

HE'S MADE US... 'BIGAMISTS'! HE TOOK SUCH FOUL ADVANTAGE OF US! SUSAN... HE MUST PAY!



YES... YES... HE MUST PAY! HEE, HEE!

... AND HE WILL PAY! HEH... HEH, HEE, HEE!

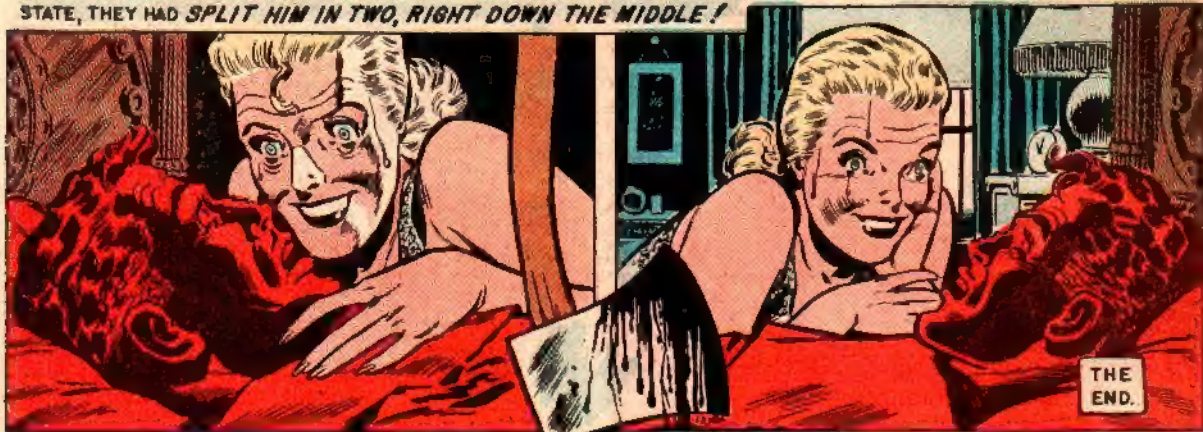


HEH, HEH! SEEMS LIKE EVERYBODY IN THIS STORY MADE AT LEAST ONE BIGAMISTAKE! THAT SUN-LAMP REALLY STRIPPED OLD HONEY-WORDS OF HIS RACKET! TAN TO ONE HE WON'T DO IT AGAIN! HEH! WHY DO I GIVE SUCH ODDS?

HEH, HEH! READ ON... YOU'LL SEE! SHARE AND SHARE ALIKE! REMEMBER?



THE BLOODY AXE STOOD IN THE HALLWAY, LEANING AGAINST THE WALL BETWEEN THE TWO BEDROOMS. AND IF YOU WERE TO PEEK INSIDE THE CLOSED BEDROOM DOORS, YOU WOULD SEE AMY IN HER BED, CARESSING *HER* SIDE OF EDWIN, AND SUSAN DOING LIKEWISE WITH *HER* SIDE OF HIM! FOR THE *VERY FIRST TIME* THE TWO SHY, INNOCENT TWINS WERE ABLE TO ENJOY THE COMPANY OF THEIR HUSBANDS AT THE *SAME TIME*! FOR, IN THEIR UNBALANCED STATE, THEY HAD *SPLIT HIM IN TWO, RIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE*!



THE END.



# THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! AND NOW, IT'S MY TURN TO CURDLE YOUR BLOOD. YEP, IT'S YOUR HOST IN THE CRYPT OF TERROR, THE CRYPT-KEEPER, SHRIEKING... READY TO NARRATE ANOTHER NAUSEATING NEGROMANCY... ANOTHER DELVING INTO THE DELIRIOUS... ANOTHER SPINE-TINGLER. I CALL THIS YELP-YARN FROM MY COLLECTION...

## WHO DOUGHNUT?



IT WAS THE SEVENTH ONE INSIDE OF A MONTH. SEVEN WOMEN... MURDERED. THEY STOOD AROUND THE LATEST VICTIM'S AWKWARDLY SPRAWLED, CHALK-WHITE CORPSE...

JUST LIKE THE OTHER SIX, CAPTAIN, WOUNDS ALL OVER HER BODY. THOSE SAME DOUGHNUT-SHAPED WOUNDS. DEAD ABOUT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS!

HERE COMES THAT BLASTED NEWS-SNOOPER, HUGHES. AS IF I DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH TROUBLE!



BLACK PANT



DANNY HUGHES, CRIME REPORTER FOR THE MORNING GLOBE, ELBOWED HIS WAY THROUGH THE GAPING CROWD HELD BACK BY THE UNIFORMED POLICEMEN.

WELL, CAPTAIN! I SEE YOU BOYS ARE **RIGHT ON THE JOB... AFTER THE KILLER HAS STRUCK!**

OH, **SHUT UP, HUGHES. LAY OFF, WILL YOU? WE'RE DOING THE BEST WE CAN!**

YEAH, AND MEANWHILE, **SEVEN MURDERS** HAVE BEEN COMMITTED, AND YOU HAVEN'T EVEN COME UP WITH **ONE SUSPECT.**

WE'VE **COMBED THE DOCKS...** WE'VE **PULLED IN** EVERY SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING **SEAMAN** WE COULD GET OUR **HANDS ON.** WE'RE UP A **BLIND ALLEY.**

THE TROUBLE WITH YOU **COPS** IS YOU GET HOLD OF **ONE MISERABLE CLUE** AND YOU **WON'T LET IT GO.**

LOOK, DANNY! TRACES OF **SEA BRINE** WERE FOUND ON THE CLOTHES AND SKIN OF **EACH VICTIM...**

...SO WHO COMES IN CONTACT WITH **SEA BRINE?** **SEAMEN! DOCK WORKERS!**

...**MERMAIDS!** LISTEN, CAPTAIN! WHAT ABOUT THE **BLOOD?** WHAT ABOUT THOSE **WOUNDS...**

HUGHES POINTED TO THE SEVERAL **DOUGHNUT-SHAPED RED WELTS** THAT COVERED AN ARM PROJECTING FROM THE SHEET THAT DRAPED THE **LATEST VICTIM...**

THE **BLOOD WAS DRAINED FROM EACH OF THE VICTIMS/DRAINED DRY!**

ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE ME THAT **VAMPIRE ROUTINE** AGAIN?

I'M TELLIN' YOU, **VAMPIRES** DRAIN THE **BLOOD** FROM THEIR **VICTIMS' BODIES.** THOSE **ROUND RED WELTS...**

THE **KILLER** OBVIOUSLY **BEATS** HIS VICTIM WITH SOME SORT OF **WEAPON,** DANNY! LOOK! **VAMPIRES** DON'T **EXIST,** KID! THEY'RE **LEGEND... FICTION... COMIC-BOOK STUFF...**

ALL RIGHT, YOU **STUBBORN IDIOT!** YOU KEEP **BLUNDERING** THE WAY YOU **HAVE BEEN** AND I'LL KEEP **LAMBASTING** YOU IN MY **COLUMN** UNTIL YOU GET THE...THE **MURDERER...**

...**BESIDES!** I DID SOME **RESEARCH** ON **VAMPIRES,** SMART GUY! THEY SUCK BLOOD BY **PIERCING** THEIR VICTIMS **FIRST...** WITH THEIR **FANGS.** THEY LEAVE **TWO NEAT PUNCTURE MARKS** ON THEIR VICTIMS **THROATS...** NOT **DOUGHNUT SHAPED WOUNDS!**



DANNY HUGHES PUSHED HIS WAY THROUGH THE GATHERED MORBIDLY CURIOUS, AND SPED BACK TO THE GLOBE OFFICE...

HY, PAT! HEY! YOU'RE WORKING LATE TONIGHT!

THE CHIEF TOLD ME TO WAIT UNTIL YOU GOT BACK, SO I COULD DO A REWRITE ON THE LATEST KILLING, MR. HUGHES!



DANNY SLAMMED DOWN AT HIS TYPEWRITER...

OKAY, PAT! I'LL HAVE IT FOR YOU IN FIVE MINUTES!

THEY'RE HOLDING THE PRESSES FOR THE NEW MAKE-UP, MR. HUGHES!



DANNY'S TYPEWRITER BEGAN TO CHATTER. FINALLY...

HERE Y'ARE, HONEY!

THANKS!



HE STOOD OVER HER, INHALING HER PERFUMED FRAGRANCE, WATCHING HER EDIT AND CORRECT HIS ARTICLE...

TCH! TCH! YOU SHOULD LEARN TO SPELL, MR. HUGHES!

I'LL...DRIVE YOU HOME TONIGHT, PAT!



PAT FINISHED, GOT UP, AND HURRIED OFF TO THE MAKE-UP DEPARTMENT. DANNY WATCHED HER GO, EYEING HER TRIM FIGURE, THEN...

READY? SHALL WE GO?

SURE THING!



THEY PULLED UP BEFORE PAT'S APARTMENT HOUSE. DANNY SLID HIS ARM AROUND HER...

OKAY, MR. HUGHES! TH-THANKS! BUT THIS IS WHERE I GET OUT!

DON'T BE IN SUCH A HURRY, MONEY! LET'S TALK...



HE TRIED TO HOLD HER. SHE PUSHED HIM OFF, PULLING HIS ARMS AWAY... STRUGGLING...

CUT IT OUT, MR. HUGHES! I'M NOT THE TYPE! CRIPES! GUYS LIKE YOU ARE ALL ARMS! PLEASE... LET GO... OF ME

OKAY, OKAY! YOU CAN'T BLAME A GUY FOR TRYING





PAT GOT OUT OF THE CAR, AND STAMPED ACROSS THE SIDEWALK TO THE APARTMENT DOOR. SHE STOOD THERE FUMBLING IN HER PURSE FOR HER KEYS. DANNY SHRUGGED AND PULLED AWAY...

SEE YOU TOMORROW AT THE OFFICE, MONEY!

HMMPH!



AS DANNY SWUNG HIS CAR AROUND THE CORNER, HE NOTICED THE STRANGE-LOOKING FIGURE, COLLAR PULLED UP, HAT-BRIM TURNED DOWN, MOVING ALONG THE DESERTED STREET. HE ESPECIALLY NOTICED THE EYES, BURNING IN THE BLACKNESS OF THE SHADOWED FACE...

NOW THERE'S A SUSPICIOUS CHARACTER IF I EVER SAW ONE!



BY THE NEXT MORNING, DANNY'D DECIDED TO APOLOGIZE TO PAT FOR HIS ACTIONS OF THE PREVIOUS NIGHT...

ER... WHERE'S PAT, ED?

DUNNO, DANNY! SHE HASN'T SHOWN UP TODAY!



BY TEN-THIRTY, DANNY'D STARTED TO WORRY. FINALLY, HE HURRIED TO HIS CAR AND SPED CROSS-TOWN TO PAT'S APARTMENT...

SOMETHING'S WRONG! I CAN FEEL IT!



POLICE CARS LINED THE STREET. AN AMBULANCE, NOT NEEDED, WAS JUST PULLING AWAY AS DANNY DROVE UP...

WHAT HAPPENED?

ANOTHER MURDER!



IT WAS PAT! SHE WAS DEAD! SHE LAY IN THE LOBBY COVERED WITH THE INEVITABLE WHITE SHEET...

GOOD LORD! BUT LAST NIGHT WHEN I LEFT HER...

YOU GOT SOME EXPLAINING TO DO, DANNY! A LOT OF EXPLAINING! BETTER COME ALONG DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS!



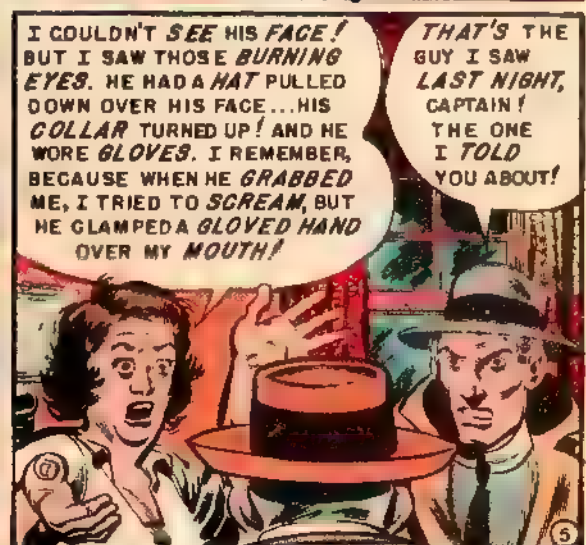
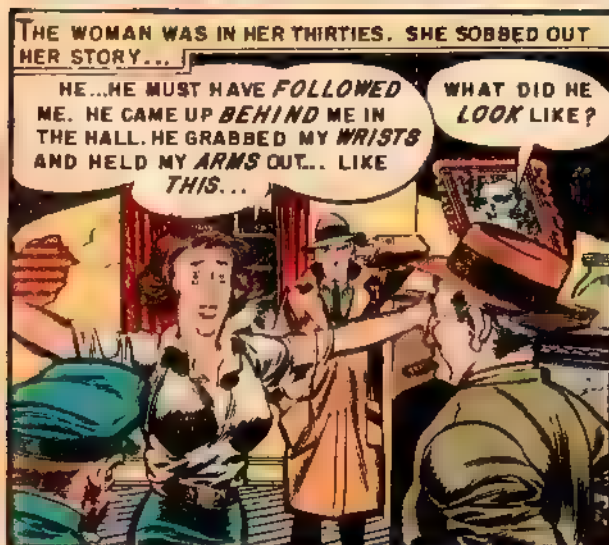
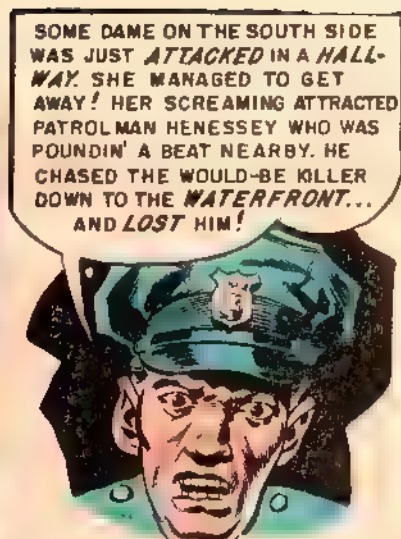
THEY QUESTIONED HIM ALL DAY, DANNY STUCK TO HIS STORY. THEY KEPT IT UP... INTO THE NIGHT...

SHE WAS COVERED WITH THOSE SAME RED DOUGH-NUT-SHAPED WELTS, HUGHES. WHAT DID YOU HIT HER WITH?

I DIDN'T! I SWEAR IT! WHEN I LEFT HER, SHE WAS ALIVE!









HE... HE *STANK!* IT... LIKE THE *DOCKS?*  
IT WAS A *FUNNY* SMELL... LIKE... LIKE THE *OCEAN?*

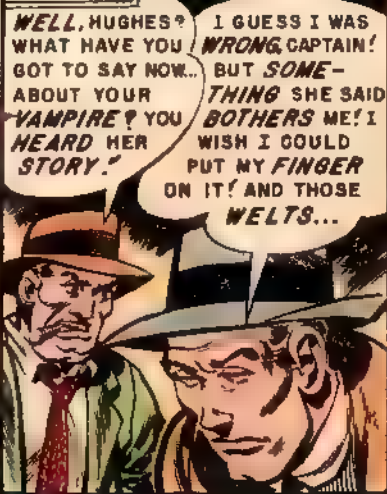


*YES! THAT'S IT! IT WAS AWFUL! AWFUL!* I MANAGED TO BREAK AWAY AND SCREAM, AND THE *OFFICER* CAME... AND... I GUESS I *FAINTED!* THAT'S ALL...



THEY LEFT HER AND DROVE BACK UPTOWN...

WELL, HUGHES? I GUESS I WAS WHAT HAVE YOU *WRONG, CAPTAIN!* GOT TO SAY NOW... BUT *SOME-* ABOUT YOUR *THING* SHE SAID *VAMPIRE?* YOU *BOTHERS ME!* I WISH I COULD PUT MY FINGER ON IT! AND THOSE *WELTS...*



IT WAS AFTER MIDNIGHT THAT DANNY, NOT BEING ABLE TO SLEEP, DROVE DOWNTOWN TO THE DOCKS! HE LEFT HIS CAR AND BEGAN TO WALK...

WISH I COULD THINK OF WHAT IT WAS THAT DAME *SAID* THAT *BOTHERS* ME!



SUDDENLY DANNY SAW HIM, MOVING ALONG ON RUBBERY LEGS, HIS COLLAR TURNED UP, HIS HAT BRIM TURNED DOWN, HIS EYES BURNING...

WHAT THE...? THERE HE GOES! IT'S HIM... THE *KILLER!*



DANNY DARTED AFTER THE SWIFTLY MOVING GLIDING FIGURE... KEEPING OUT OF SIGHT...

HE'S HEADED TOWARD *WATERFRONT PARK!* LORD, HE LOOKS *STRANGE.* DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE A *NECK!*



THE LOPING FIGURE CROSSED WATERFRONT PARK TOWARD A LARGE STONE STRUCTURE...

HE'S GOING INTO THE *CITY AQUARIUM!*





THE AQUARIUM SMELLED OF BRINE AND THE SEA AND PLACES MILES DEEP AS DANNY SLID IN THROUGH THE DOOR...



THIS EXPLAINS THE BRINE ON THE CLOTHES! HE MUST HANG OUT HERE!

HUGE GLASS TANKS LINED THE WALLS ABOUT THE AQUARIUM. EXOTIC FISHES FROM THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE EARTH GAZED OUT AT DANNY AS HE MOVED DOWN BEFORE THEM...



HE'S AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE! HIDING...

SUDDENLY DANNY SAW IT! THE EMPTY TANK! THE SIGN SCREAMED AT HIM...



'OCTOPUS! DEVIL FISH! GOOD LORD!'

THE WOMAN! SHE SAID HE GRABBED HER BY EACH WRIST AND HELD HER ARMS OUT...AND THEN...MY GOD...THEN HE CLAMPED A HAND OVER HER MOUTH! THAT MEANS...



DANNY COULD HEAR PAT'S VOICE... THAT NIGHT... AS SHE STRUGGLED...



GRIPES! GUYS LIKE YOU ARE ALL ARMS!

THE WOUNDS! THE DOUGHNUT-SHAPED WOUNDS! GASP! THE KILLER IS...IS...

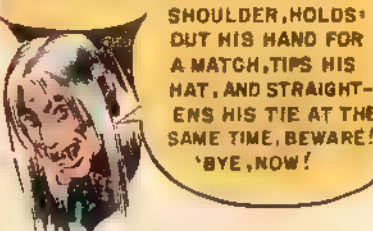
A SOUND BEHIND DANNY MADE HIM SPIN AROUND SUDDENLY! IT SLITHERED TOWARD HIM ON ITS EIGHT SUCTION-CUPPED TENTACLES. BEHIND IT, THE SLOUCHED HAT AND THE OVERCOAT AND THE GLOVES LAY IN A HEAP ON THE FLOOR...



AN OCTOPUS!

BEFORE DANNY HUGHES COULD MOVE, EIGHT TENTACLES HAD WRAPPED AROUND HIM, AND HUNDREDS OF DRAWING-DISCS WERE SUCKING THE WARM BLOOD FROM HIS STRUGGLING BODY!

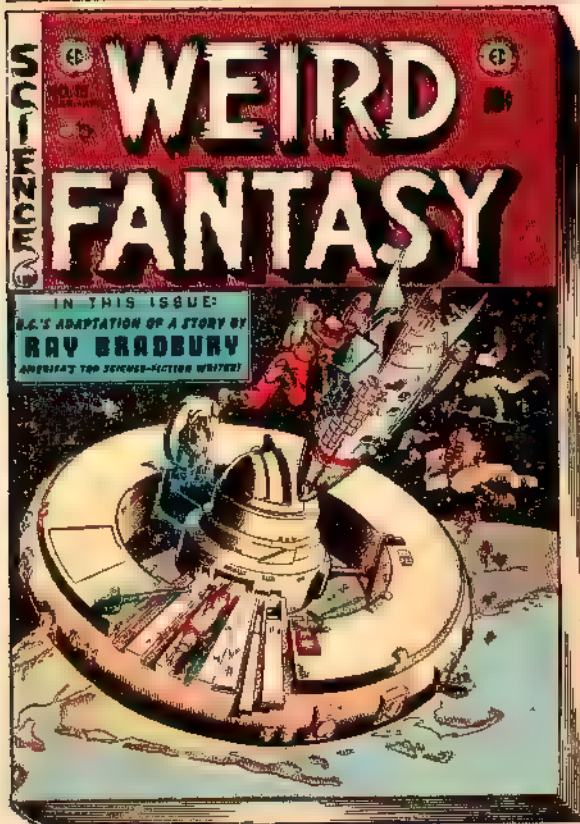
HEH, HEH! YEP! DANNY WAS ALL WRAPPED UP IN HIS WORK THAT NIGHT, KIDDIES! THE SUCKER! WHY ANYBODY SWEATS BLOOD FOR A MISERABLE JOB, I'LL NEVER KNOW! BUT DANNY DID! NOW HE'S HEADED HIS LAST COLUMN... PARAGRAPH ONE... OBITUARIES! AS FOR OSCAR THE OCTOPUS! WELL, YOU CAN SEE HIM, ANYTIME... DOWN AT THE AQUARIUM! HE'S STILL MAKING HIS NIGHTLY SOJOURNS, THOUGH! SO IF A GUY TAPS YOU ON THE



SHOULDER, HOLDS OUT HIS HAND FOR A MATCH, TIPS HIS HAT, AND STRAIGHTENS HIS TIE AT THE SAME TIME, BEWARE! 'BYE, NOW!



**WE AT E.C. ARE PROUDEST  
OF OUR SCIENCE - FICTION  
MAGAZINES! LOOK FOR...**



**LOOK FOR  
THESE SEALS  
WHEN YOU BUY!**

**THEY ARE YOUR ASSURANCE OF TOP  
ENTERTAINMENT...FOUND ONLY ON  
THE FOLLOWING E.C. MAGAZINES:**

TALES FROM THE CRYPT  
HAUNT OF FEAR • VAULT OF HORROR  
SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES  
CRIME SUSPENSTORIES  
TWO-FISTED TALES • FRONTLINE COMBAT  
MAD  
WEIRD SCIENCE • WEIRD FANTASY  
AND THE 250 ANNUAL ANTHOLOGIES:  
WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY  
TWO-FISTED ANNUAL • TALES OF TERROR

## REFUGE



He could hear the footsteps more distinctly now; there were several cops in pursuit, and they were closing in on him with each tick of the clock. He'd never be able to make it to the exit; he'd have to find a hiding place right here in the building. It was *that* . . . or 10 years in Dannemora for a second burglary conviction!

He *could* ditch the stuff, he supposed, but he had put too much time and effort into this job to throw away the priceless stones in a wave of hysteria. That bundle clutched in his hand would bring in 15 grand . . . It was worth the risk he was taking!

Walking swiftly, so as not to arouse the suspicion of the building guards, he found himself entering a vast circular room with huge glass enclosures dotting the high walls. It seemed, at first, as he crossed the enormous room, that he was in a glass bowl of some kind. No place to hide in *here*, he thought, conscious of the clicking heels coming down the corridor behind him. In another minute he might have to break into a sprint . . . then he was *really* finished! If there wasn't a place of refuge in the next room, his goose was cooked . . .

A sudden movement behind one of the glass walls made him stop in his tracks. There were hordes of fish behind those walls . . . it must be the Aquarium section of the building! His eyes darted quickly from tank to tank; off to one side, separated from the other glass enclosures, was a pool into which he thought he might be able to drop unseen. The fish were



small, he noted as he raced toward it... there was plenty of green shrubbery floating in the tank. Enough to hide him until his pursuers departed.

Moving quickly, he slid in beside the tank, inched up the slick glass wall and let himself down into the water just as the two policemen ran into the room. Making himself as inconspicuous as possible amidst the clinging greenery, he drew a deep breath and ducked under the surface. Through the thick glass he saw the policemen hesitate in the center of the chamber, glance around uncertainly, then race on through the far door.

Sobbing for breath, his head cleared the surface and he gulped fresh air again. The coast was clear now! Almost playfully he slapped at several of the fish coming towards him. With dismay he felt a sharp pain in the calf of one leg... and, at that moment, he saw for the first time the sign painted on the front of the tank.

"PIRANHA!" the sign proclaimed. "Flesh-Eating Fish!"

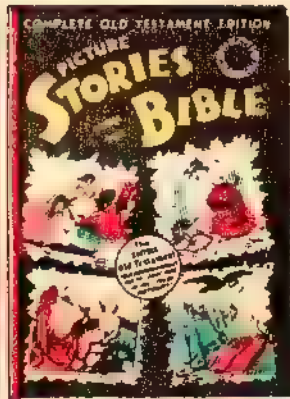
They were around him, now, covering him like a shroud. Their needle-sharp teeth tore at his skin... their weight and slashing teeth engulfed and swirled around him in a wave of blind savagery. He screamed for help... dropped the bundle he had been so anxious to protect. Desperately he tried to fight back... to fight his way out of this refuge he had found. But their ferocity kept him captive there in the tank; he felt the skin of his arms and legs torn from his body... tasted blood on his lips, where the piranha had slashed at his face...

He saw circles of flame before him, knew that he was being torn to pieces... felt their deadly teeth tearing into his throat now... his chest being ripped open before the relentless attack...



#### 144 BIG PAGES IN FULL COLOR

Containing the complete story of the Life of Christ and Peter and Paul and the founding of the Early Christian Church. Included are maps showing Palestine at the time of Jesus and chronological indexes of principal events and Scripture references to episodes illustrated.



#### 232 BIG PAGES IN FULL COLOR

Here under one cover, in full color continuity, re-edited and arranged in chronological order, are all the stories of the Old Testament heroes from the four issues of the magazine. Printed in four colors throughout and bound with brightly varnished heavy board covers.



No. 2 — Amazing Discoveries about Food & Health 15¢



No. 2 — Europe's Struggle for Civilization 15¢

(Write for special school prices)

#### EDUCATIONAL COMICS, INC.

225 LAFAYETTE ST., NEW YORK 12, N. Y.

I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ for \_\_\_\_\_ copies

COMPLETE OLD TESTAMENT 75c ☐

COMPLETE NEW TESTAMENT 60c ☐

PICTURE STORIES FROM SCIENCE (No. 2) ☐

PICTURE STORIES FROM WORLD HIST. (No. 2) ☐  
(15c for each copy)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Postal \_\_\_\_\_  
Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Please print plainly. No C.O.D. Do not send postage stamps.



# THE VAULT-KEEPER'S CORNER

Pardon us, V. K., old bean (half-baked, that is!), but we'd like to personally answer the complaints we have been receiving from many of our readers about the absence of your and other E.C. mags from some newsstands! As we mentioned last issue, there are over 500 different comic mags being published. The wholesalers are jammed up, and the retailers simply cannot properly handle this impossible number of titles. Consequently, in desperation, many newsdealers are returning bundle after bundle of comic mags to their wholesalers UNOPENED! Some of these bundles contain said newsdealers' quotas of E.C.'s! This makes it next to impossible for you to obtain your copy, and at the same time makes it next to impossible for us to sell magazines! ASK YOUR NEWSDEALER TO MAKE SURE TO DISPLAY HIS QUOTA OF E.C. MAGAZINES. IF HE DOES NOT HAVE ANY, ASK HIM TO ORDER THEM FROM HIS WHOLESALER. HIS WHOLESALER HAS THEM! THERE IS NO SHORTAGE OF E.C. MAGAZINES... THEY ARE SIMPLY NOT GETTING PROPER DISPLAY! O.K., V.K.! She's all yours!—Editors

Hmmmmph! No sane newsdealer WOULD give 'em proper display! Well, space's a-wastin'... so let's get right into the mail...

Dear Vault-Keeper,

I read your books while eating and love them! They help my digestion! So don't let those cowards whose letters you published in the Dec.-Jan. issue get you down! Boys are SUPPOSED to be braver than girls, I've always heard!

Audrey Abernathy  
Kingston, Tenn.

... My favorite time for reading is when I eat a mid-afternoon snack! I ate a sandwich while reading the best of the best horror magazines—yours! "Till Death" was a real stomach-turner, but it didn't bother me!

Hazel Wilson  
Unadilla, Ga.

P.S. Fifteen minutes later: I take back what I said above. A sick trend! -HW

... Things must be pretty peaceful around E.C. lately! No one CRITICISED you in your last letter page!

George Salanta  
Big Stone Gap, Va.

... I think your books are disgusting. I know this will not be printed because you are afraid of the truth, but I still say that I would never lower myself to reading your low-type literature.

Gary Schooley  
San Francisco, Cal

Things haven't changed a bit around E.C., George!

Dear V. K.,

I would like to trade E.C. mags with other readers I got enough extras of your mags to trade. Mention it, huh?

Paul George  
203 S. Stewart St  
Blairsville, Pa

... We started an E.C. Fan Club in 1951. Since that time, we are proud to say that our club has grown quite large. We have in our collection practically all

the mags E.C. has published. We'd like to get in touch with other E.C. fan clubs.

Michael Pecker  
1100 Grand Concourse  
Bronx 56, N. Y.

... I must write you this letter to tell you that your E.C. magazines have made for me and you many new friends and E.C. fans. People I hardly know, having discovered E.C., come to my house to read my back issues and catch up on what they've missed! I've nothing else in my house but good old E.C.'s!

Frank Ray Stansbury  
435 Flushing Ave.  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

You're the PRESIDENT of a fan club and you don't know it, Frank!

Dear V. K.,

I can't tell you how thrilled I was to hear that you're going to adapt some stories by one of my favorite authors, Ray Bradbury. (By the way, your latest issue was the epitome of repulsiveness. I've never enjoyed retching more!)

Carol Plumb  
Richmond, N. Y.

... Adapting stories by Bradbury, just about the best, will lift your now unsurpassable magazines to even greater heights!

Bill Lean  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Thanks to Ronnie Baumgardner of Bloomington, Ill., "Just Another Ghoul" of McCook, Nebraska, Richard Larsen of North Bergen, N. J., Bobby Isaacs of Ashland, Ky., Harriet Shier of Jersey City, Howie Robertson of Savannah, Ga., and Joe Keogh of Ontario, Canada, for the follow additions to my horror hit parade:

TAKES TWO TO STRANGLE  
OOZING DOWN MY LIVER  
GHOUL DAYS (RETCHING & WRITHING & HORROR COM-ICS)  
AS SLIME GOES BY  
EMBALM YOURSELF (IT'S GREATER THAN TO STINK)  
I'M IN THE MOOD FOR BLOOD  
HAS ANY GHOUL SEEN MY BODY?  
I GET IDEAS (HEH, HEH, HEH!)  
I WENT STALKING DOWN BY THE RIVER  
TWO CREEPY PEOPLE

Before closing, the big news you've been waiting for: The third annual TALES OF TERROR, E.C.'s anthology of horror and SuspenseStories, is now ready! Again it contains 16 complete yarns, 128 pages, and the price is still only 25c. If'n ya can't find it on the newsstand that hides your E.C. mags, and you're sucker enough to still want it, just dig up two bits... taking care not to disturb the crease in his buryin' pants... lick off the crud, perfume it a little, and "scent" it to me at the below address. Subscriptions still 75c for a foul year's supply... six sick issues... manila envelopes... same address as for mail (and female), which is:

The Vault-Keeper  
Room 706, Dept. 30  
225 Lafayette St.  
N. Y. C. 12, N. Y.



HERE'S A GAY TALE OF TINGLING  
TERROR. I CALL THIS LAUGH RIOT...

# PRACTICAL CHOKES!



IT WAS A MORNING IN MID-JULY. IT WAS HOT AND STICKY AND THE CROWDED SUBWAY TRAIN SMELLED OF SWEAT. THERE WERE THREE OF THEM. MEDICAL STUDENTS...FROM AN UPTOWN UNIVERSITY. THEY HUNG ON THE SWAYING SUBWAY STRAPS, WHISPERING AMONG THEMSELVES...

THE TRAIN SPED ON TOWARD CONEY ISLAND. AT EACH STOP MORE PEOPLE, DISGUSTED WITH THE SWELTERING CITY HEAT AND LONGING FOR A PLUNGE INTO THE COOLING SURF, JAMMED THEIR WAY INTO THE BEACH-BOUND SUBWAY CAR. THE STRAPS WERE ALL OCCUPIED WITH HANGERS-ON, SWINGING BACK AND FORTH.

SOME OF THEM WILL GO ON TO  
THE END OF THE LINE...

WE'LL GET OUT  
THE STOP BEFORE...



BRIGHTON BEACH! NEXT  
STOP...CONEY ISLAND!

C'MON,  
FELLERS...

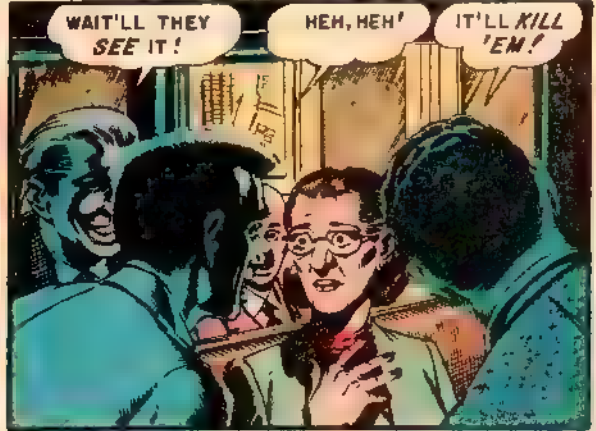




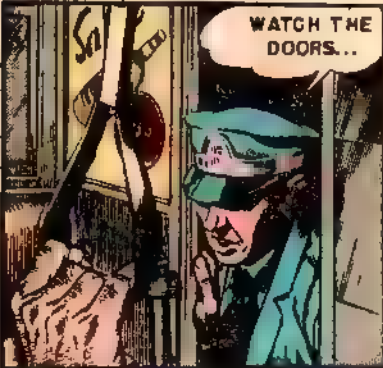
THE TRAIN PULLED INTO THE BRIGHTON BEACH STATION. THE DOORS SWUNG OPEN. PEOPLE STARTED PUSHING TOWARD THEM...



THE CAR WAS EMPTYING FAST! THE THREE MEDICAL STUDENTS STOOD ON THE PLATFORM, PEERING BACK INTO THE TRAIN AT THE REMAINING RIDERS...WATCHING THEIR FACES...



THOSE WHO HAD BEEN STANDING SCRAMBLED FOR SEATS. THE STRAPS, ONCE JAMMED WITH HANDS, NOW WERE ALMOST ENTIRELY UNUSED. ONLY ONE GLENCHED-FIST HANGER-ON REMAINED, CLINGING...



THE DOORS SLAMMED. THE TRAIN BEGAN TO MOVE...



ON THE PLATFORM, THE THREE MEDICAL STUDENTS HOWLED WITH GLEE, POINTING...



INDEED, INSIDE THE RECENTLY VACATED SUBWAY CAR, THOSE WHO REMAINED DID HAVE EXPRESSIONS OF VARIED EMOTIONS ON THEIR FACES. SOME WERE PALE... SOME GHALK-WHITE... SOME GREEN... SOME TURNED AWAY. THE ENTIRE CAR WAS STARING AT THE REMAINING ARM, HANGING ON THE STRAP...



...WITH NO BODY ATTACHED...





THEY SAT UPON THE CROWDED BEACH DOWN NEAR THE WATER, LAUGHING AND TALKING NEARBY, A NAPPING BATHER, PARTIALLY COVERED WITH A MOUND OF SAND, A NEWSPAPER OVER HIS FACE, SLEPT SOUNDLY



HEY! TIDES COMIN' IN! LET'S MOVE!

THE THREE MEDICAL STUDENTS PICKED UP THEIR BEACHBAGS AND PUSHED BACK...AWAY FROM THE INCOMING SURF...BACK INTO THE CROWD THAT OVERFLOWED THE SAND...



HEY, MISTER!

TIDE'S COMIN' IN!

BETTER MOVE!

THE NAPPING BATHER WAS OBLIVIOUS TO THE STUDENTS' WARNINGS. HE SLEPT ON, THE THREE OF THEM MELTED INTO THE CROWD...

THEY WATCHED FROM THE SAFETY AND SHELTER OF THE CROWD AS SOMEONE APPROACHED THE SOUNDLY SLEEPING FIGURE...

NO RESPONSE. A HUSH SEEMED TO FALL OVER THE IMMEDIATE AREA. ALL EYES TURNED. THERE WAS A DISTANT TITTERING...



SAY! THE TIDE IS COMING IN!

BETTER WAKE THAT GUY UP!



HEY! MISTER! HEY! BETTER WAKE UP!



MISTER! WAKE UP, MISTER! HEY! CAN YOU HEAR ME?

MAYBE... MAYBE HE'S DEAF!

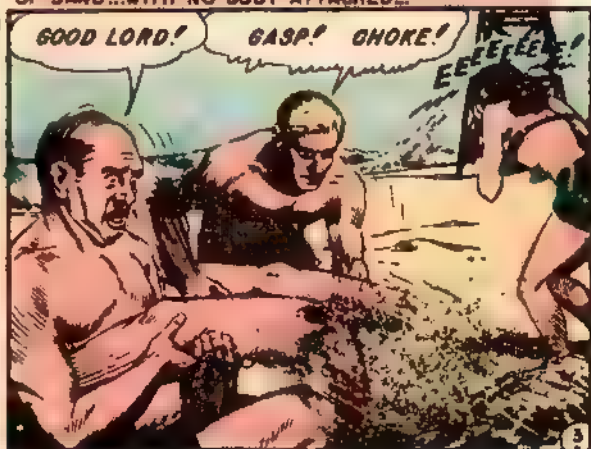
SOMEONE LIFTED THE FOLDED NEWSPAPER. A BLANK SAND-MOUND STARED BACK AT HIM...

SOMEONE ELSE KNELT TO GRAB THE PROSTRATE FORM'S LEGS! THEY CAME AWAY FROM THE MOUND OF SAND...WITH NO BODY ATTACHED...



HEY, MISTER! HOW CAN YOU BREATHE?

GIMME A HAND, HERE!



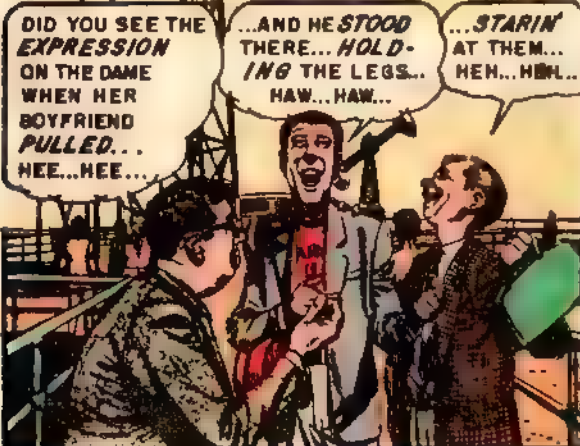
GOOD LORD!

GASP! CHOKES!

EEEEEE!



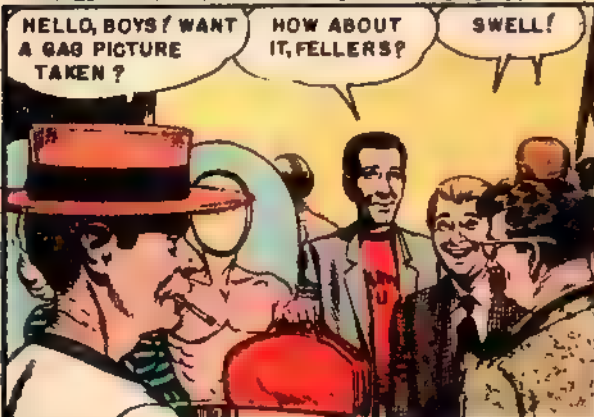
THEY MOVED ALONG THE BOARDWALK...THE THREE OF THEM...THE TEARS STREAMING FROM THEIR EYES AS THEY LAUGHED...



THE AMPLIFIED VOICES OF THE BARKERS BLARED AT THE THREE MEDICAL STUDENTS FROM THE VARIOUS CONCESSIONS ALONG THE BOARDWALK. ONE OF THEM STOPPED AND NODDED...



IT WAS ONE OF THOSE PHOTOGRAPHER'S SHOPS FOUND AT MOSTLY ANY AMUSEMENT AREA. IT HAD THE USUAL OLD-TIME AUTO, AND THE PHONY BOAT WITH THE PAINTED WAVES SET IN FRONT OF A BACKDROP...



ONE OF THE BOYS POINTED TO THE INEVITABLE CARD WITH THE TWO HOLES IN IT WHERE THE HEADS OF THE EXAGGERATED PAIR OF FIGURES PAINTED UPON IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN...



THERE WAS MUCH LAUGHTER AND A CROWD BEGAN TO GATHER. THE PHOTOGRAPHER DUCKED UNDER HIS HOOD, FOCUSING ON THE FACES PEERING OUT FROM THE OPENINGS



THE SHUTTER CLICKED. ONE OF THE BOYS CAME OUT FROM BEHIND THE CARD AND MELTED INTO THE CROWD. THE OTHER'S FACE STILL OBLED FROM THE HOLE...



THE FACE DIDN'T MOVE! THE PHOTOGRAPHER WENT OVER AND RAPPED THE CARD. FOR A MOMENT THE HEAD SWAYED... THEN PITCHED OUTWARD...





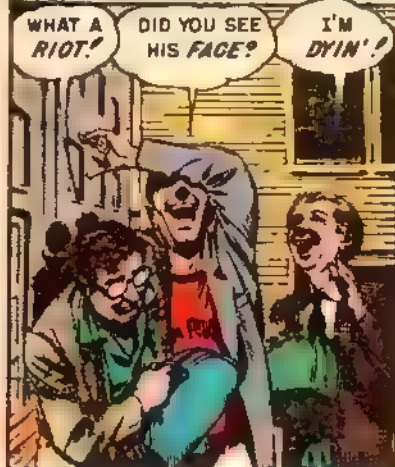
THE HEAD ROLLED TO THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S FEET. HE SCREAMED...



THE CROWD TOOK UP THE HYSTERICAL CHORUS...



THE THREE MEDICAL STUDENTS DARTED UP A SIDE-STREET, GLEE-FULLY GIGGLING...



WHAT A RIOT!

DID YOU SEE HIS FACE?

I'M DYIN'!

THE SUBWAY TRAIN SPED THEM BACK UPTOWN. THEY SAT, RED-FACED AND TEARY-EYED, THE THREE BEACH BAGS, NOW EMPTY OF THEIR GORY CONTENTS, PARKED AT THEIR FEET...

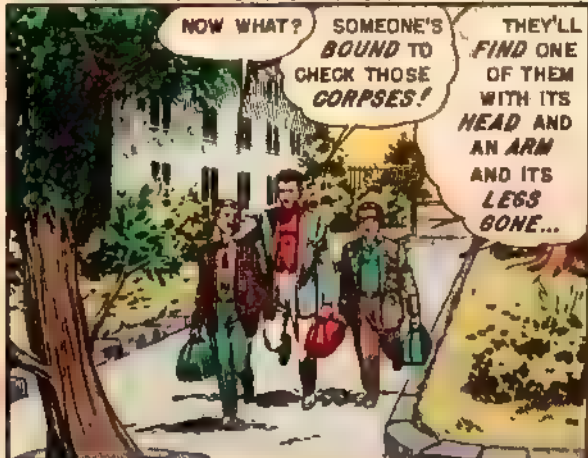
BY THE TIME THEY REACHED THE CAMPUS, THEIR DISCUSSION HAD BECOME SERIOUS...



I...I... HEH, HEH... I THINK I'M GONNA BE SICK!

I HAVEN'T LAUGHED SO HARD SINCE MY...CHOKE...

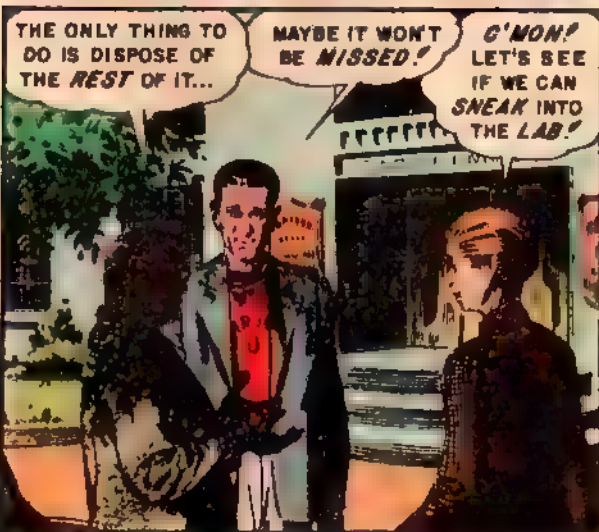
CUT IT OUT, ALREADY! I CAN'T LAUGH ANYMORE!



NOW WHAT?

SOMEONE'S BOUND TO CHECK THOSE CORPSES!

THEY'LL FIND ONE OF THEM WITH ITS HEAD AND AN ARM AND ITS LEGS GONE...

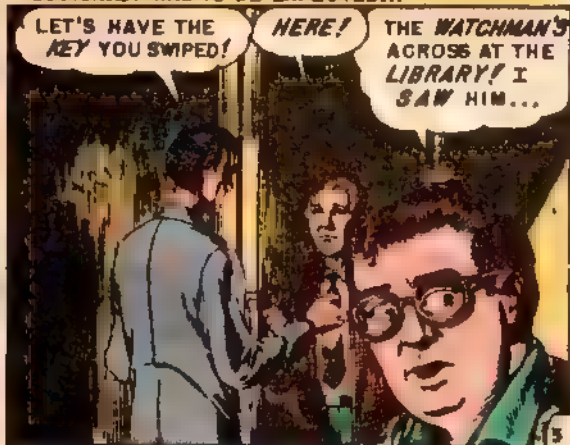


THE ONLY THING TO DO IS DISPOSE OF THE REST OF IT...

MAYBE IT WON'T BE MISSED!

G'MON! LET'S SEE IF WE CAN SNEAK INTO THE LAB!

THE MEDICAL BUILDING OF THE UNIVERSITY WAS LOCKED. IT WAS A SATURDAY DURING SUMMER SESSION. IT WAS TO BE EXPECTED...



LET'S HAVE THE KEY YOU SWIPED!

HERE!

THE WATCHMAN'S ACROSS AT THE LIBRARY! I SAW HIM...



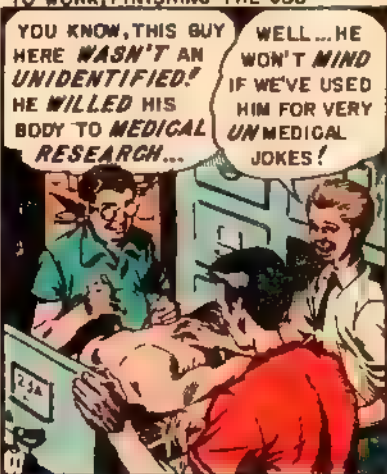
THEY MOVED DOWN THE SILENT HALLS...



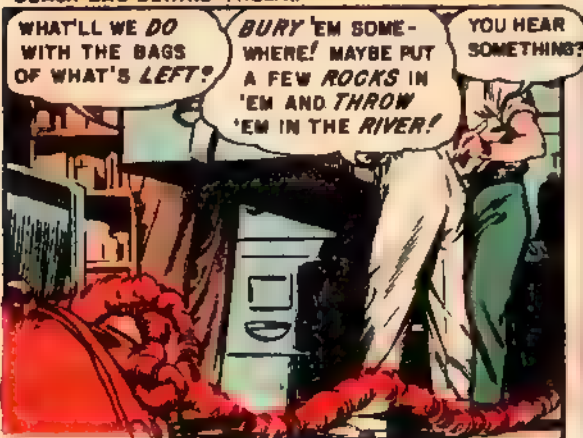
...UNTIL THEY CAME TO THE REFRIGERATED ROOM WHERE THE BODIES USED FOR DISSECTIONS WERE KEPT...



THE SLAB ROLLED OUT OF THE WALL REVEALING THE PARTIALLY DISMEMBERED CORPSE. THEY SET TO WORK, FINISHING THE JOB



AS THEY CROWDED ABOUT THE BODY, WIELDING THEIR SCALPELS HASTILY, THEY NEVER NOTICED THE COILED-UP INTESTINES SLITHER FROM THE BEACH BAG BEHIND THEM...



THE SLIMY SUCKING SOUND OF THE INTESTINES SLIDING ACROSS THE MARBLE FLOOR MADE THE THREE GAG-LOVING STUDENTS SPIN AROUND...



ON A HUNCH, THE POLICE, INVESTIGATING THE CASES REPORTED THE PREVIOUS DAY, CHECKED WITH THE UNIVERSITY. WHEN THEY GOT TO THE REFRIGERATOR ROOM WHERE THE CORPSES WERE KEPT, THEY FOUND THE THREE MEDICAL STUDENTS...THEIR FACES BLUE, THEIR EYES BULGING FROM THEIR SOCKETS, THEIR TONGUES HANGING FROM THEIR WIDE OPEN-MOUTHS...THE LONG STRAND OF INTESTINE WRAPPED TIGHTLY AROUND EACH OF THEIR NECKS...



WHICH IS EXACTLY WHAT THEY DID, OFFICER! THANK YOU FOR YOUR INTELLIGENT COMMENT! AND AS FOR YOU READERS...WELL, IF ANY OF YOU ARE IN MED-SCHOOLS, DON'T GET ANY IDEAS! REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENS TO MED STUDENTS WHO USE PARTS OF BODIES AS BAGS! THEY GAG, ALL RIGHT...UNTIL THEY





# THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! WELL, SALT MY SLOP-STEW AND SLING ME A SLUB, IF IT ISN'T MY TURN TO ENTERTAIN YOU. OKAY! THE GRUD IN THE CAULDRON IS CRAWLING, WHICH MEANS ITS REEKING-RIPE, OR DONE TO PERFECTION IN CULINARY CHATTER (GET THAT)! SO, HOP INTO THE HAUNT, HORRORS ..THE HAUNT OF FEAR... AND YOUR SCREAM-SCULLION, THE OLD WITCH, WILL POP A PUTRID PORTION OF PROSE INTO YOUR YELPING YAPS. I CALL THIS TASTE OF TERROR...

## NOTES TO YOU!



JUDSON SLACK REREAD THE LETTER FOUR TIMES. HE JUST COULDN'T BELIEVE IT. THE LETTER WAS FROM 'AN ANONYMOUS FRIEND'. IT WAS ONE OF THOSE SHOCKING LETTERS, FILLED WITH THINGS ONE CARES NOT TO READ ABOUT ONE'S OWN WIFE. IT READ...

'DEAR MR. SLACK,  
SINCE I CANNOT SIT IDLY BY AND SEE YOU MADE A FOOL OF, I AM WRITING THIS NOTE TO INFORM YOU THAT YOUR WIFE, ELEANOR, IS GARRYING ON AN ILLICIT LOVE AFFAIR WITH ANDREW COOKSON. I SAW THEM TOGETHER LAST NIGHT, THE 25TH, IN HIS PARKED CAR... SOB... IN A... SOB... 'COMPROMISING'... CHOKES... OH... NO! NO! ELEANOR...





JUDSON SLACK TRIED TO GO BACK TO HIS OFFICE WORK, BUT COULDN'T! HE MADE A PHONE CALL AND THEN DROVE HOME...



JUDSON! WHY SO EARLY?

YOU WERE OUT LAST NIGHT! YOU SAID YOU WENT TO PLAY CARDS! YOU LIED, DIDN'T YOU?

N-NO! I DID GO TO PLAY CARDS!



YOU LIED! I CHECKED... WITH YOUR GABBY GIRL FRIEND! SHE SAID YOU DIDN'T COME OVER LAST NIGHT! YOU SAW ANDREW COOKSON LAST NIGHT, DIDN'T YOU?

ANDREW COOKSON! NO! I DIDN'T...



THEN WHERE DID YOU GO? I HAPPEN TO KNOW THAT YOU WERE OUT WITH HIM... PARKED DOWN BY THE RIVER IN HIS CAR!



JUDSON! HOW COULD YOU SAY SUCH A THING? HOW COULD YOU BELIEVE SUCH A THING ABOUT ME? I THOUGHT YOU LOVED ME! SOB...

TRYING TO MAKE A SUCKER OUT OF ME, EH? DON'T PUT ON THE TEAR-ACT, ELEANOR! I'VE FOUND YOU OUT! NOW, I'M THROUGH WITH YOU!

JUDSON, WAIT! DON'T LEAVE ME! I... I LIED ABOUT PLAYING CARDS LAST NIGHT! I ADMIT IT! BUT I DIDN'T SEE ANDREW COOKSON! I... I WANTED IT TO BE A SURPRISE! I... I WENT SHOPPING LAST NIGHT... FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY PRESENT...

HAH! A LIKELY STORY! PRETTY GOOD... BUT NO DICE! I GOT PROOF, ELEANOR! I GOT PROOF THAT YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A DIRTY CHEAT... AND I'M PULLING OUT! GOOD-BYE!



JUDSON SLACK SLAMMED THE DOOR AND STAMPED DOWN THE WALK. FROM THE HOUSE, HE COULD HEAR HIS WIFE'S PITIFUL SOBBING. HE FLUNG OPEN THE CAR DOOR ANGRILY, SWUNG IT SHUT, AND SPED AWAY...



WHAT WAS THAT? SOUNDED LIKE A BACKFIRE! HMMPH! GOT TO HAVE MY CARBURETOR CLEANED ONE OF THESE DAYS!

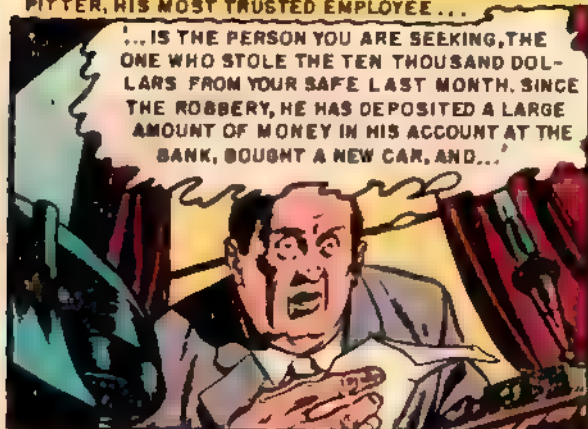
THE NEXT MORNING JUDSON CAME HOME FOR HIS CLOTHES. HE FOUND ELEANOR SPRAWLED ON THE FLOOR, A REVOLVER IN ONE HAND, A SMALL PACKAGE IN THE OTHER. SHE'D BEEN DEAD FOR SOME TIME. THE TAG ON THE PACKAGE WAS SHORT AND SWEET. IT READ...



'HAPPY BIRTHDAY'... CHOKED... 'DARLING... FROM YOUR... LOVING... WIFE... THEN... THEN... ELEANOR! MY GOD! WHAT HAVE I DONE TO YOU?'

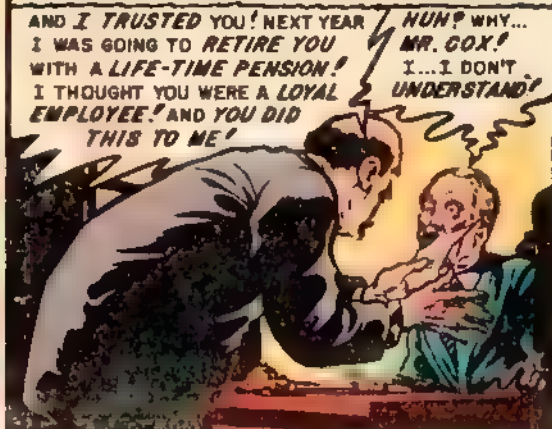


MORTON COX READ THE LETTER WITH MIXED EMOTIONS OF HURT AND ANGER. IT WAS A PAINFUL LETTER TO READ. IT WAS A SHOCKING AWAKENING, HARD TO BELIEVE. SIMON PITTER, HIS MOST TRUSTED EMPLOYEE...



...IS THE PERSON YOU ARE SEEKING, THE ONE WHO STOLE THE TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS FROM YOUR SAFE LAST MONTH. SINCE THE ROBBERY, HE HAS DEPOSITED A LARGE AMOUNT OF MONEY IN HIS ACCOUNT AT THE BANK, BOUGHT A NEW CAR, AND...

THE LETTER WAS SIGNED 'AN ANONYMOUS FRIEND'. MORTON COX MADE SEVERAL PHONE CALLS. THEN HE WENT INTO SIMON PITTER'S LITTLE OFFICE...



AND I TRUSTED YOU! NEXT YEAR I WAS GOING TO RETIRE YOU WITH A LIFE-TIME PENSION! I THOUGHT YOU WERE A LOYAL EMPLOYEE! AND YOU DID THIS TO ME!

HUH? WHY... MR. COX! I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

GET OUT, PITTER! GET OUT OF THIS OFFICE! DON'T EVER SHOW YOUR ROTTEN FACE AROUND HERE AGAIN! YOU DIRTY THIEF...

THIEF? ME? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

YOU KNOW VERY WELL WHAT I MEAN, PITTER! I FOUND OUT ABOUT YOUR DEPOSIT... YOUR NEW CAR... YOUR NEW CLOTHES! BY ALL RIGHTS I OUGHT TO HAVE YOU ARRESTED! GET OUT OF HERE!

MR. COX! I... I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING! IF YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT THAT \$10,000 THEFT, I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT!

I'M LETTING YOU OFF EASY, PITTER! I COULD SEND YOU UP THE RIVER FOR TWENTY YEARS FOR THIS! DON'T TRY TO DENY IT! I'VE GOT THE PROOF! YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A FILTHY CRIMINAL...

I NEVER STOLE ANYTHING IN MY LIFE, MR. COX! HOW COULD YOU THINK SUCH A THING OF ME? AFTER ALL THESE... SOB... YEARS...



MR. COX LEFT SIMON BLUBBERING LIKE A BABY AND STORMED BACK INTO HIS OFFICE. HE REACHED FOR THE PHONE. SUDDENLY, THERE WAS A SCREAM...

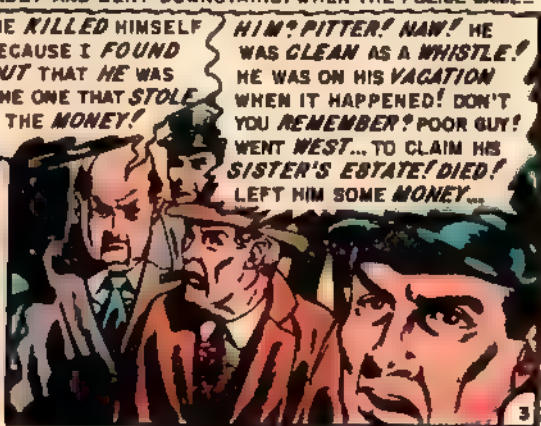
MR. PITTER LEAPED SEVEN STORIES TO HIS DEATH ON THE STREET BELOW. MR. COX SHOOK HIS HEAD SADLY AND WENT DOWNSTAIRS, WHEN THE POLICE CAME...

MR. PITTER! DON'T...

GOOD LORD!

HE KILLED HIMSELF BECAUSE I FOUND OUT THAT HE WAS THE ONE THAT STOLE THE MONEY!

HIM? PITTER? NAW! HE WAS CLEAN AS A WHISTLE! HE WAS ON HIS VACATION WHEN IT HAPPENED! DON'T YOU REMEMBER? POOR GUY! WENT WEST... TO CLAIM HIS SISTER'S ESTATE! DIED! LEFT HIM SOME MONEY...





AVERILL MINTON LOOKED OUT OF HIS BANK OFFICE AT THE CROWDS THAT LINED UP BEFORE EACH TELLER'S CAGE

WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE, FIELDS? LOOKS LIKE ALMOST EVERYBODY IN TOWN'S OUT THERE!

THEY'RE ALL WITHDRAWING THEIR MONEY, MR. MINTON! CLOSING THEIR ACCOUNTS!



MR. MINTON PALED

NOT ALL OF THEM! GOOD LORD! THEY'LL BUST THE BANK... I'LL BE RUINED! RUINED!

IT'S THIS LETTER, MR. MINTON! EVERYONE SEEMS TO HAVE GOTTEN ONE. OF COURSE, I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD, BUT THE TOWNSFOLK...



AVERILL MINTON READ THE LETTER. IT WAS SIGNED 'AN ANONYMOUS FRIEND', IT SAID...

'DEAR DEPOSITOR, THE PRESIDENT OF THE TOWN BANK, AVERILL MINTON, HAS BEEN EMBEZZLING BANK FUNDS. ANY DAY NOW, THE POLICE WILL DISCOVER IT, AND YOUR LIFE'S SAVINGS WILL BE LOST'... GHOKE...



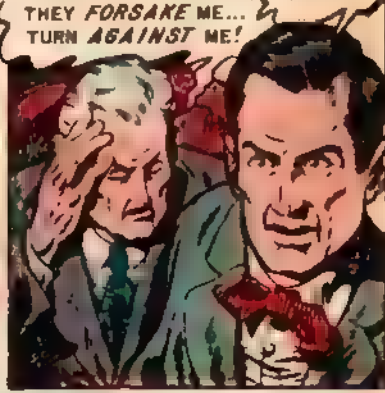
STOP THEM, BERT! TELL THEM IT ISN'T TRUE! HOW COULD THEY SUDDENLY HAVE LOST THEIR FAITH IN ME?

I... I TRIED, MR. MINTON! I REALLY TRIED! THEY'RE FRIGHTENED!



ALL MY LIFE I'VE LIVED HONESTLY... TRIED TO GAIN MY FELLOW TOWNSPEOPLE'S CONFIDENCE! NOW, WITH ONLY THE WORD OF A POISON-PEN LETTER, THEY FORSAKE ME... TURN AGAINST ME!

I... I HAVE IT, MR. MINTON! WAIT HERE!



BERT FIELDS HURRIED OUT OF MR. MINTON'S OFFICE. HE RAISED HIS VOICE ABOVE THE CLAMOR IN THE BANK LOBBY...

WAIT! LISTEN TO ME! I KNOW YOU DON'T WANT TO TAKE ANY CHANCES! BUT... WHY WORRY ABOUT YOUR MONEY? WE'RE INSURED! YOUR MONEY IS SAFE... EVEN IF WHAT THAT LETTER SAYS ABOUT MR. MINTON IS TRUE! AND BELIEVE ME... IT ISN'T!

THAT'S RIGHT! OUR DEPOSITS ARE FEDERALLY INSURED! WHY NOT GIVE OLD MAN MINTON A CHANCE?



BUT IT WAS TOO LATE! IN HIS OFFICE, AVERILL MINTON SLUMPED ACROSS HIS DESK, THE LETTER-OPENER STICKING OUT OF HIS CHEST





AMBROSE BALDWIN WAS A DRIED-UP, BITTER OLD MAN. NO ONE LIKED AMBROSE BALDWIN. ESPECIALLY MR. POPKIN, THE CANDY-STORE MAN. AMBROSE WAS ALWAYS ESPECIALLY NASTY TO MR. POPKIN.

MR. POPKIN MADE THE KIDS THEIR MALTEDS, AND THEN FINALLY TURNED TO MR. BALDWIN.

GIVE ME A BOTTLE OF INK!

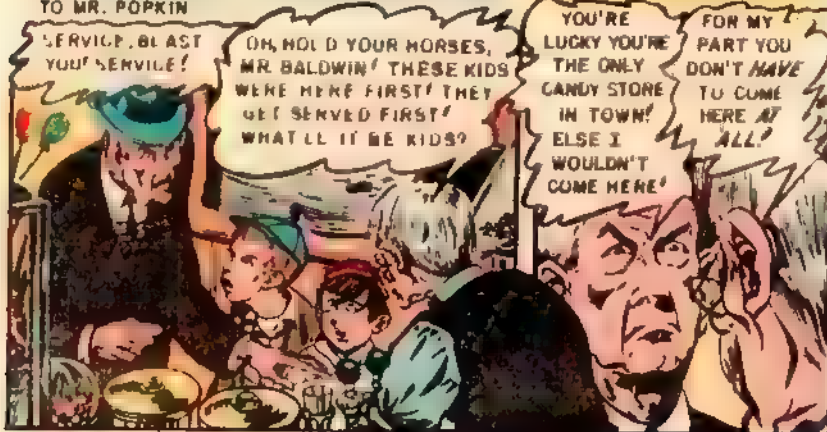
HERE! TAKE IT... WITH MY COMPLIMENTS AS A PARTING GIFT! DON'T BOTHER COMING BACK TO MY STORE! I DON'T NEED YOU AND YOUR SOUR-PUSS BUSINESS!

SERVIC! BLAST YOU! SERVILE!

OH, HOLD YOUR HORSES, MR. BALDWIN! THESE KIDS WERE HERE FIRST! THEY GET SERVED FIRST! WHAT'LL IT BE KIDS?

YOU'RE LUCKY YOU'RE THE ONLY CANDY STORE IN TOWN! ELSE I WOULDN'T COME HERE!

FOR MY PART YOU DON'T HAVE TO COME HERE AT ALL!

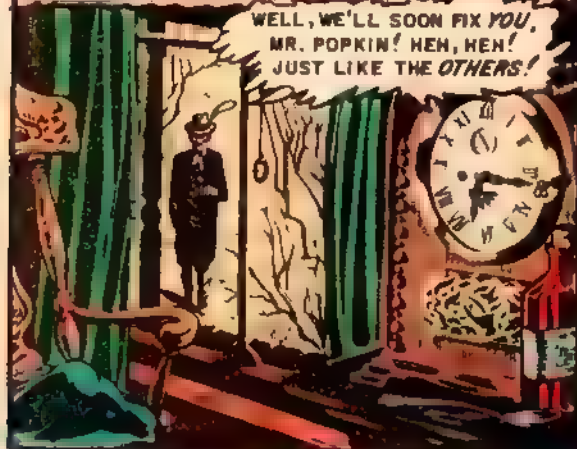


MR. BALDWIN CURSED MR. POPKIN AND STORMED OUT OF HIS STORE. SOON, HE CAME TO HIS RAMSHAKLE OLD HOUSE...

ONCE INSIDE HIS HOUSE, THE OLD MAN SAT DOWN AT HIS TABLE, TOOK A PEN AND THE NEW BOTTLE OF INK, AND BEGAN TO WRITE...

WELL, WE'LL SOON FIX YOU, MR. POPKIN! HEH, HEH! JUST LIKE THE OTHERS!

LET'S SEE! 'DEAR COUNTY COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC HEALTH, THE CANDY STORE IN OUR TOWN, OWNED BY MR. POPKIN, IS A DISGRACE AND A THREAT TO THE HEALTH OF THIS COMMUNITY...'



...AND THE NEXT DAY, AT THE COUNTY SEAT...

...THE CANDY HE SELLS OUR CHILDREN IS WORMY AND ROTTEN. RODENTS INFEST THE PLACE, RUNNING RIGHT OUT IN FRONT OF PEOPLE, AS DO COCK-ROACHES AND OTHER FILTHY PESTS. I DEMAND THAT THIS STORE BE SHUT DOWN.

WELL! LET'S GO OVER AND TAKE A LOOK AT THAT CANDY STORE, COMMISSIONER!

ANONYMOUS!

MEANWHILE, IN MR. POPKIN'S SPIC-AND-SPAN STORE...

IF I COULD ONLY GET MY HANDS ON THAT POISON-PEN-LETTER WRITER, I'D... I'D...

WHO CAN IT BE? WHO WOULD WANT TO DO SUCH A THING? HOW CAN WE FIND OUT...





MR. JUDSON SLACK, MR. HORTON COX, AND MR. BERT FIELDS SAT IN A BOOTH, OUT OF SIGHT...

MY MY ELLY! KILLED HERSELF... SOB... BECAUSE I BELIEVED WHAT THAT LIAR SAID!

MY OLD FRIEND MY MOST TRUSTED EMPLOYEE... SIMON PITTER... HE TOO... BECAUSE I BELIEVED...

AND MR. MINTON! HIS HEART WAS BROKEN WHEN THEY ALL BELIEVED THOSE LIES!



TWO MEN WALKED INTO THE STORE. ONE STOPPED TO TALK TO MR. POPKIN. THE OTHER NOSED AROUND.

MR. POPKIN! WE RECEIVED AN ANONYMOUS LETTER ABOUT YOUR STORE, THAT IT WAS FILTHY... RODENT INFESTED... THAT YOU SOLD WORMY CANDY... HAD COCKROACHES...

MY STORE? BUT... WHO COULD HAVE WRITTEN SUCH TERRIBLE THINGS ABOUT MY STORE?



I HAVE THE LETTER RIGHT HERE, MR. POPKIN! SEE FOR YOURSELF!

BUT... BUT THIS IS A BLANK PIECE OF PAPER!



HUH? LET'S SEE! SAY! THAT'S FUNNY! HEH, HEH! MUST'VE BEEN SOME SORT OF GAG, MR. POPKIN! I'M... SORRY!

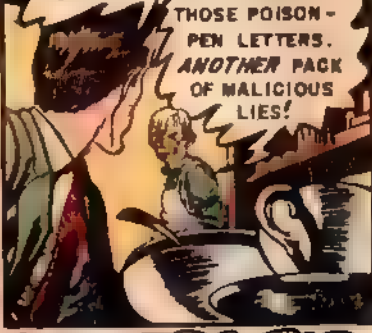
THIS PLACE IS CLEAN, COMMISSIONER! LET'S GO!



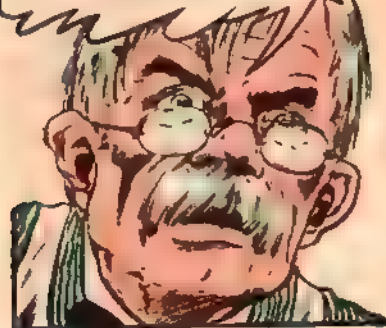
THEY WENT OUT! MR. POPKIN WATCHED THEM GO! BERT FIELD CALLED FROM THE BOOTH...

SOMEBODY PLAY A JOKE ON YOU, MR. POPKIN?

THAT WAS NO JOKE, GENTLEMEN! THAT WAS ANOTHER OF THOSE POISON-PEN LETTERS. ANOTHER PACK OF MALICIOUS LIES!



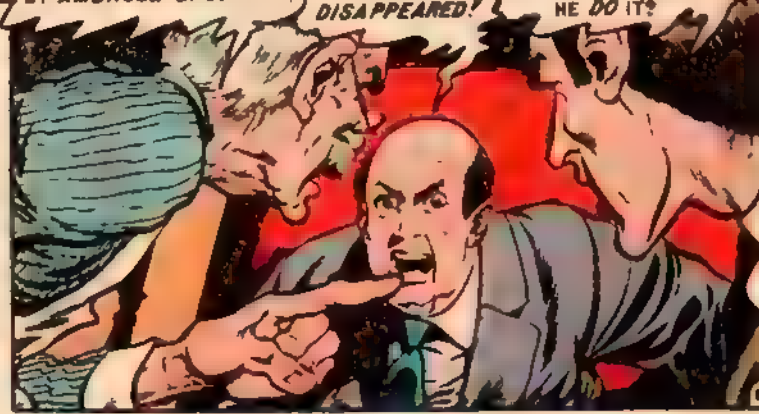
IT WAS MEANT TO BE DEADLY SERIOUS! IT WAS MEANT TO HARM ME LIKE THOSE OTHER LETTERS HE WROTE! YESTERDAY, AMBROSE BALDWIN CAME IN. WE ARGUED. HE'S SUCH A SOUR OLD MAN, I THOUGHT A JOKE WOULD CHEER HIM UP...



...SO I GAVE HIM A BOTTLE OF DISAPPEARING INK! THAT LETTER WAS WRITTEN BY AMBROSE BALDWIN!

THAT'S WHY THE LETTER WAS BLANK, EH? THE INK DISAPPEARED!

SO HE'S THE ONE WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THOSE LIES! BUT WHY? WHY DID HE DO IT?





JUDSON SLACK GASPED...

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO! I TOOK ELEANOR AWAY FROM HIM! WE WERE BOTH IN LOVE WITH HER, BUT SHE PICKED ME! HE...HE'S CARRIED A GRUDGE ALL THIS TIME!



HORTON COX SNAPPED HIS FINGERS...

GOOD LORD! FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, HE AND SIMON PITTER APPLIED FOR THE SAME JOB. I CHOSE SIMON. HE MUST'VE HATED SIMON FOR IT EVER SINCE...



BERT FIELDS NODDED...

YES! I REMEMBER NOW! MR. MINTON TURNED HIM DOWN WHEN HE APPLIED FOR A LOAN. HE DIDN'T HAVE THE COLLATERAL NEEDED. MR. MINTON ALWAYS WANTED TO PROTECT HIS DEPOSITORS. IT WAS FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, AT LEAST...



AMBROSE BALDWIN LOOKED UP TO SEE THREE MEN STANDING OVER HIM...

SLACK! COX! FIELDS! WHY...WHY HAVE YOU SNEAKED IN LIKE THIS?

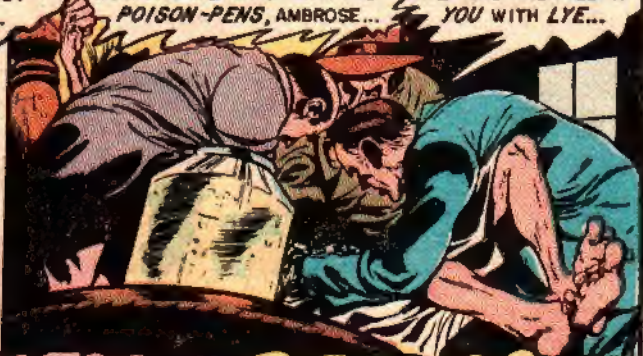
EVERYTHING YOU WROTE WAS A LIE, AMBROSE!

YOU'VE WRITTEN YOUR LAST POISON-PEN LETTER... YOUR LAST LIE...

AMBROSE WAS HELD DOWN WHILE EACH MAN IN HIS TURN FILLED HIS FOUNTAIN PEN WITH THE SOLUTION OF LYE THEY'D BROUGHT, STABBED IT INTO THE BITTER OLD MAN'S BODY, AND EMPTIED IT INTO HIS BLOOD-STREAM...

NOW IT'S WE WHO HAVE THE POISON-PENS, AMBROSE...

WE WHO ARE FILLING YOU WITH LYE...



AGAIN AND AGAIN EACH OF THE MEN REPEATED THE ACTION UNTIL AMBROSE'S SCREAMS STOPPED. THEN, THEY WATCHED AS AMBROSE'S BODY BEGAN TO BLACKEN, STEAM AND BUBBLE, AND FINALLY REDUCE TO A FOUL-SMELLING, OOZING POOL OF PUTRESCENCE, DISSOLVED BY THE POISON FROM WITHIN...

HEE, HEE! WELL, THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS TO PEOPLE WITH POISON IN THEIR HEARTS, KIDDIES. THEY EVENTUALLY ARE DESTROYED, FROM WITHIN. AMBROSE POURED OUT ONE LIE AFTER THE OTHER, BUT FINALLY HE GOT A REFILL... ONE LIE AFTER THE OTHER. AND ALL...NOW GET THIS

PUN... AND ALL BECAUSE I'VE HAD SODA-STORE MAN GAVE HIM SOME DISAPPEARING INK! AND NOW, I THINK I'LL DISAPPEAR AFTER THAT ROTTEN GAG! HOPE YOU ENJOYED YOUR LURID LUNCH! WE'LL ALL SEE YOU NEXT IN MY MAG, THE HAUNT OF FEAR! 'BYE, NOW!





# ELECTRONIC

# WALKIE TALKIES!

MADE BY  
**REMCO**

CALLING SPACE POLICE, COME IN ON YOUR WALKIE TALKIE

ROGER!

GEE THIS WALKIE TALKIE IS LIKE A REAL TELEPHONE. ARE YOU REALLY IN THE BASEMENT

SURE, SIS, AND THE WIRE COMES WITH THE SET

THIS WAS A KEEN IDEA TO HOOK UP OUR WALKIE TALKIES BETWEEN THE HOUSES

ROGER

IF ALL THE KIDS IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD GET WALKIE TALKIES YOU CAN HAVE A REGULAR NET WORK AND PUT ON YOUR OWN PROGRAMS

## A REAL TWO-WAY WALKIE TALKIE OUTFIT

- NO BATTERIES NEEDED
- PERMANENT MAGNET POWER
- TWO ELECTRONIC PHONES
- COMPLETE WITH WIRE
- READY TO OPERATE

TWO COMPLETE PHONES

ONLY  
**\$2.98**

ORIGINALLY \$3.49

Buy a set for yourself or "chip-in" with another boy or girl... you'll have some real fun with this wonderful Electronic Walkie Talkie. Order yours right now!

G. G. G. Products Co. 4749 Michigan Ave. Detroit 10, Mich.

# Magic Leaf

A **NEW** DISCOVERY



IT'S **MAGIC**

Instantly removes tarnish from your silverware, during regular dishwashing, and re-deposits silver on your silverware at the same time. It can double as a decorative table ornament when not in use.



## EASY TO USE

Just place it in the dishpan and add detergent. The Magic Leaf will last for years to come.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

**\$1.25**

MAIL COUPON

SEND COUPON IN TODAY!

G. G. G. PRODUCTS CO.  
4749 MICHIGAN AVE.  
DETROIT 10, MICHIGAN  
Please send me:

**WE PAY POSTAGE**

- ☐ Walkie Talkies - \$2.98 a set (\$1.00 Enclosed - Bal. C.O.D.)  
☐ Magic Leafs - \$1.25 each (\$1.00 Enclosed - Bal. C.O.D.)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



*Hi there, Pal! Win Some of these 100 Silver Anniversary Prizes!*

I just won \$100. and this 15" tall Silver Trophy  
I just won this \$1,000,000 Body and a Gold Medal!

You Can Win All These  
just as I did  
in 10  
MINUTES  
OF FUN  
A DAY!

**I GAINED  
60 LBS. OF HANDSOME  
HARD-HITTING  
MUSCLES!**

THIS MAY BE  
YOUR LAST  
CHANCE  
TO GET FOR  
ALL 5 10¢  
PICTURE  
PACKED COURSES—  
MILLIONS HAVE  
BEEN SOLD FOR  
\$1 AND MORE

Which of these  
**2 ME'S is YOU?**

that 125 lb.—6 ft.

CHICKEN WEAKLING BELOW  
CHESTED WAS ME  
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

NO! friend you  
don't have to be  
**SKINNY** any more.

Just mail NOW the FREE  
coupon below as I did.

Soon YOU can add  
7 inches to your CHEST  
3½ inches to EACH  
ARM and the rest in  
proportion as I did.

**Come On, PAL  
NOW YOU give me  
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY  
IN YOUR OWN HOME  
and I'll give YOU**

**A NEW HE-MAN BODY for  
your OLD SKELETON FRAME**

says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest  
Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you  
are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's  
or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or  
what work you do. All I want is JUST 10  
EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE  
YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD  
I turned myself from a wreck to a  
Champion of Champions.

**FREE**



Yes! You still  
can win \$100  
and other 25th  
Anniversary Prizes,  
if you MAIL coupon  
below NOW Your suc-  
cess can soon be like  
mine. A few weeks ago  
I was a skinny weakling  
like you. I had no guts to  
fight for my rights. TODAY  
everyone admires my champ  
movie-star build My mighty  
ARMS. My heroic CHEST My  
wide manly SHOULDERS My  
POPULARITY with boys The  
way GIRLS go for me—once  
so girl-shy. My new pro-  
gress in SPORTS My new  
quickness in STUDIES. My  
double-energy at work

There's that  
skinny scarecrow  
JOHN. Let's  
pass him by!



John Sill  
before



JOHN SILL  
was a 125 lb.  
6 ft. WEAKLING  
LOOK at him NOW.  
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN  
from Head to Toe

as YOU  
can be  
soon!

**YES!** You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to YOUR  
ARMS. Your CHEST deepened Your BACK AND SHOULDERS  
broadened. From head to heels, you'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-  
American HE-MAN WINNER—or my Training won't cost you one soli-  
tary cent

**Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES  
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!**

After a LIFETIME STUDY of every way known to develop your body I  
have devised the BEST by TEST, my "5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER"  
the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save YEARS. DOL-  
LARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like champ John Sill did. Like  
MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO Mail coupon NOW!

**BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!**

1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER

Dept. EN 32

Tell Me How To  
WIN \$100, etc.

"Jowett Courses  
greatest in  
World for  
Building  
All-Around  
HE-MEN"  
—R. F. Kelley  
Physical  
Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING  
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of  
Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building  
Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a  
Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build  
a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One  
Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10¢  
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

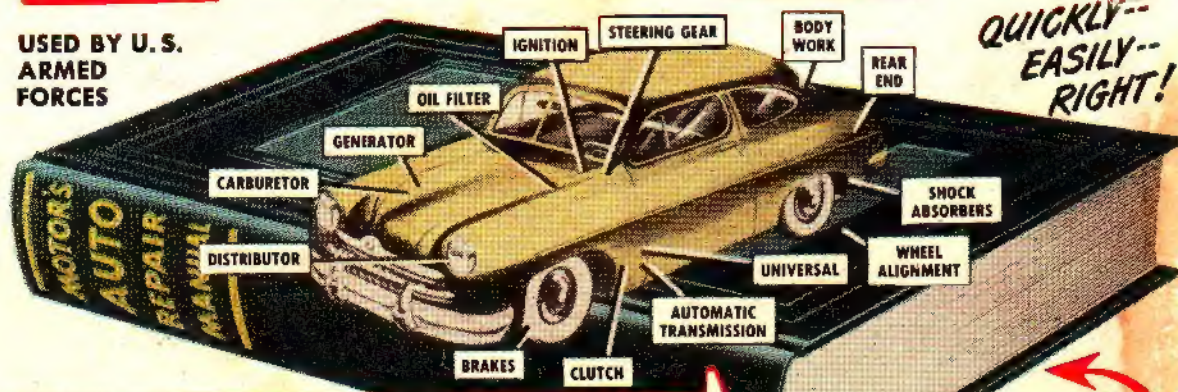
NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

**Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!**



# HOW TO FIX ANY PART OF ANY CAR

USED BY U. S.  
ARMED  
FORCES



QUICKLY--  
EASILY--  
RIGHT!

**NOW—Whether You're a Beginner or an Expert Mechanic  
—You Can "Breeze Through" ANY AUTO REPAIR JOB!**

MOTOR'S BIG BRAND-NEW AUTO REPAIR MANUAL Shows  
You HOW—With 2400 PICTURES AND SIMPLE STEP-BY-  
STEP INSTRUCTIONS.

**Free 7-DAY TRIAL**  
Return and Pay Nothing  
If Not Satisfied!

**COVERS EVERY JOB ON EVERY CAR BUILT FROM 1935 THRU 1952**

**YES**, it's easy as A-B-C to do any "fix-it" job on any car whether it's a simple carburetor adjustment or a complete overhaul. Just look up the job in the index of MOTOR'S New AUTO REPAIR MANUAL. Turn to pages covering job. Follow the clear, illustrated step-by-step instructions. Presto—the job is done!

No guesswork! MOTOR'S Manual takes nothing for granted. Tells you where to start. What tools to use. Then it leads you easily and quickly through the entire operation!

**Over TWO THOUSAND Pictures! So Complete, So Simple, You CAN'T Go Wrong!**

NEW REVISED 1952 Edition covers everything you need to know to repair 851 car models. 780 giant pages, 2400 "This-Is-How" pictures. Over 200 "Quick-Check" charts—more than 38,000 essential repair specifications. Over 225,000 service and repair facts. Instructions and pictures are so clear you can't go wrong!

Even a green beginner mechanic can do a good job with this giant manual before him. And if you're a top-notch

mechanic, you'll find short-cuts that will amaze you. No wonder this guide is used by the U. S. Army and Navy! No wonder hundreds of thousands of men call it the "Auto Repair Man's Bible"!

**Most of Over 170 Official Shop Manuals**

Engineers from every automobile plant in America worked out these time-saving procedures for their own motor car line. Now the editors of MOTOR have gathered together this wealth of "Know-How" from over 170 Official Factory Shop Manuals, "balled it down"

into crystal-clear terms in one handy indexed book!

**Try Book FREE 7 Days**

**SEND NO MONEY!** Just mail coupon! When the postman brings book, pay him nothing. First, make it show you what it's got! Unless you agree this is the greatest time-saver and work-saver you've ever seen — return book in 7 days and pay nothing. Mail coupon today! Address: **MOTOR Book Dept., Desk 792, 250 West 55th St., N. Y. 19, N. Y.**

**Covers 851 Models—All These Makes**

Buick	Henry J.	Nash Rambler
Cadillac	Hudson	Oldsmobile
Chevrolet	Kaiser	Packard
Chrysler	Lafayette	Plymouth
Crosley	La Salle	Pontiac
De Soto	Lincoln	Studebaker
Dodge	Mercury	Terraplane
Ford	Nash	Willis
Fraser		



**Many Letters of Praise from Users**  
"MOTOR'S Manual paid for itself on the first 2 jobs, and saved me valuable time by eliminating guesswork."  
—W. SCHROF, Ohio.

**He Does Job in 30 Min.—Fixed motor another mechanic had worked on half a day. With your Manual I did it in 30 minutes.**  
—C. AUBERRY, Tenn.



**MAIL COUPON NOW FOR 7-DAY FREE TRIAL**

**MOTOR BOOK DEPT.**  
Desk 792, 250 W. 55th St., New York 19, N. Y.

Rush to me at once (check box opposite book you want):

☐ **MOTOR'S NEW AUTO REPAIR MANUAL.** If O.K., I will remit \$1 in 7 days (plus 35c delivery charges), \$3 monthly for 2 months and a final payment of 35c one month after that. Otherwise I will return the book postpaid in 7 days. (Foreign price, remit \$3 cash with order.)

☐ **MOTOR'S NEW TRUCK & TRACTOR REPAIR MANUAL.** If O.K., I will remit \$2 in 7 days, and \$2 monthly for 3 months, plus 35c delivery charges with final payment. Otherwise I will return book postpaid in 7 days. (Foreign price, remit \$20 cash with order.)

Print Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Check box and save 35c shipping charge by enclosing WITH coupon entire payment of \$5.95 for Auto Repair Manual (or \$8 for Truck and Tractor Repair Manual). Same 7-day return-refund privilege applies.